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We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

"Pinchbeck Palmerston." Mr. Asquith put this caricature of himself before his Glasgow audience to laugh at it. The idea is not at all happy, one must admit. Were Mr. Asquith a Palmerston of any sort, even a pinchbeck one, he would have seized the opportunity he has lost and carried the whole country by ordering ten Dreadnoughts. But Mr. Asquith was not for a coup. Instead he assures the men of Glasgow that the British Navy is far more than a match for "any possible combination" of navies. His Liberal audience may have believed this, but Englishmen throughout the world will not. According to Mr. Asquith the Government took every precaution and were in no sense caught napping. How, then, did they come to be surprised by Germany? He cannot pretend that they were not surprised, for Mr. McKenna's speech and his own on the Estimates was a frank confession that they had been surprised. But the object then was to conciliate the House by a clean breast. At Glasgow this was not at all the cue.

Wednesday's Welsh Disestablishment debate brought us back to the old Liberal ways—disused roads they seemed to be. Wales is a backward place, or her people would be thinking, as they are in England and Scotland, of something that would pay them better than pulling down churches. Welsh miners have not learned to realise—as English artisans have—that you may rob a Church and working people get extremely little out of the "swag". The Welsh miners are looking for a comfortable slice of Church property—there is the one leg of the disestablishment agitation—greed. The other is jealousy—the itch of the nonconformist ministers

to humiliate an aristocratic rival. It is a pity Mr. Asquith could not drop the cant phrase about this Bill not springing from hostility to the Church. It is all done in kindness, we all know; but unfortunately no one believes it. At any rate let us clear the business of hypocrisy.

One need hardly trouble about the machinery of the Bill. Everybody knows the Bill is a sham, as was Mr. McKenna's Education Bill—not meant to pass. Mr. Asquith's speech alone is enough to show this. He never gives such perfunctory treatment to anything he is in earnest about. Very different was his Welsh Church speech of 1894, and very different his speech last year on the Licensing Bill. A few irrelevant figures—for their case is that ecclesiastical establishment is a bad principle in itself apart from number of members or theology—and a slovenly allusion to past history—this was all the argument Mr. Asquith thought the question of Disestablishment in Wales required.

Has any Government ever treated its own agents of inquiry as this one? They appointed a distinguished K.C. to inquire into the facts of the Swansea school—and flouted his report because it did not suit their political game. They appointed a Royal Commission to inquire into the facts as to Church and Nonconformity in Wales—expressly as a preliminary to action in the matter of disestablishment. They have not the decency to wait for its report before they launch their Bill—the report, you see, might not suit their case. Here is nemesis; the Commission was appointed to keep the Welsh members quiet; but they soon saw through the trick; they must have their Bill. Cannot they see that the Bill is only a sop too?

These Welsh Disestablishment debates have never been so very brilliant. We remember the debate in which Gladstone spoke as in duty bound as a Liberal leader, very much detesting the job, no doubt, in his heart. "The old man is really very Churchy" was the comment in the Lobby of a young Welshman who was later to climb to a great place

in a Liberal Government. But the most notable feature of any of these Disestablishment debates was the resurrection speech of Lord Randolph. One recalls his passionate outburst of "Votes, Votes, Votes!" Lord Randolph knew little of the question—perhaps cared less—but he took some pains to get it up before the debate came on. A Welsh Bishop acted as his coach; and confessed later that he had a very difficult pupil.

It is hard that Mr. Harcourt should be put up when there is rather a mean job to be done. Everybody knows the meaning of the London Elections Bill. The idea is to hit at the Conservative party. But there is all the difference in the world between hitting at and hitting: and we have a notion that the blow will not get home this time. Incidentally, the Bill is a disfranchising Bill. Being foiled in their try to destroy a large number of Unionist voters by their Plural Voting Bill two sessions ago, the Government are now striving to destroy a smaller batch. No man is to vote in more than one London constituency, though outside London he is still free—thanks to the House of Lords—to vote in several if duly qualified. What logic! What justice!

We remember Sir Edward Carson chose the word "sneak" for his criticism of the Plural Voting Bill. But "sneaking" is a word that suits the London Elections Bill still better; for here the idea really is to sneak through the attack on those who vote Unionist in more than one constituency in which they have solid interests. It is amusing to notice the way in which Liberals have dwelt on Birmingham in their arguments for this Bill—a capital example of the Devil quoting Scripture for his own purpose. If the Bill goes to the Lords, it will of course be shorn of its clause about plural voting. It will be time to go into that question when we have a one-man one-value arrangement for the United Kingdom.

How like a strong Government! The Attorney-General introduces the Houses of Parliament Bill as one which will "safeguard the dignity" of the Commons; the Prime Minister, an hour or so later, adjourns the debate that the House may hit on some plan "more consonant with its dignity". And this is what Sir William Robson calls saving the time of the House. We suppose the Great Law Officers of the Crown have their heads so loaded with legal lumber that there is not much room left for a little common-sense. Otherwise, surely, instead of dressing up and wasting hours of talk on a Bill which nobody seems to value at a straw, they would propose some simple plan which the House as a whole approved of. This is what the Prime Minister decides to do now when Sir William Robson's Bill is blown to bits by every party—Unionists, Irish, Liberals and Labour.

The Prime Minister in a way saves his own face—if not the poor Attorney-General's—by speaking slightly of the Bill at the end of the debate as a thing for which the Government is really not in the least responsible. A small thing and not their own, in fact. But might not the Government have brought in its own Bill? Ministers are put in office to administer. Party speeches and electioneering are not the sole duties even of a Radical Government. Sir Edward Carson was quite justified in tearing the Bill to pieces in the way he did; for it is a ridiculous Bill; and if it passed, one might picture the House of Commons being largely diverted to the nearest police court, Mr. Speaker, we suppose, leading the way. Also, it is a Bill offering very large advertisement to a sex which has had too much advertisement of late.

Mr. Rutherford in the debate told an amusing story of a quarrel between an M.P. named Dick Martin and a journalist who reported his speech in italics. The journalist was brought to the bar of the House to apologise for the offence. The House has never added to its dignity by quarrelling with the press. Happily of late years these wrangles have grown rarer. There has been hardly any quarrel since Mr. T. W. Russell com-

plained of Mr. Massingham's language. Now and then, perhaps, a member will report a journalist, not to the Speaker or the Serjeant-at-Arms, but to the owner or editor of the newspaper. A Nationalist M.P., still in the House, and famous for his bulls, spoke of the danger of the population of Ireland "being decimated by two-thirds". Seeing it in print next morning he was very angry, and wrote to complain of the reporter. At the same time he sent two or three Unionist bulls, and indignantly demanded why these had not been printed.

A Cabinet Minister's salary may not be quite so delicate a subject as a lady's honour—for it can be publicly debated, and reductions of it moved and carried. Still one likes to know that the more modest Cabinet Ministers are finely sensitive in the matter. That this is so Mr. Asquith's speech on the Board of Trade Bill proved. Mr. Churchill, with—as Mr. Asquith put it—"natural and becoming delicacy", insists that his salary shall not be raised, though the salary of the next President of the Board of Trade is to be raised. Mr. Churchill is certainly worth more than £2500 a year. He is worth £2500 to the Liberal party alone, to say nothing of the country. We can all agree as to this. But it seems we cannot all agree whether the Cabinet lumped together—not particularly this but any Cabinet—is worth what the public is made to pay it. Sir Charles Dilke thinks we go in nowadays for too "enormous a horde of Ministers". He would lessen their number and increase their work. True several foreign nations seem to do as well in the world as we and do it on fewer Ministers and less salaries. The British taxpayer pays all his Cabinet Ministers without grumbling because, virtually, he is unconscious he is paying them. Whoever heard an Englishman, the most penurious Englishman, grumbling at having to pay even the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster?

We suppose it was not by coincidence but arrangement that the crowded meeting in support of the Day-light Saving Bill was held on the first day of the sitting of the Parliamentary Committee. This seems a cause, a cult, a religion which people are almost prepared to die for on one side or the other. It is the most peace-disturbing controversy since the first year of the century. The enthusiasm of those who want the change is unbounded; the opposition of those who are against it immitigable. Sir Robert Ball derides those who talk of time as if it were anything fixed. Astronomers have mean time, apparent time, local time and sidereal time. Yes; but they go to dinner by clock time; and what is proposed is not another sort of time but a social revolution. It is to bring about a millennium of improved physique and morals; as to which see the report of the speech of Mr. Justice Neville. Think of a Chancery Judge in such an exalted state of mind over an alteration of the law.

It is astonishing that two clever lawyers, like Mr. John Simon and Mr. F. E. Smith, should hold such unsound views on the capture of an enemy's merchant vessels in time of war. Mr. Simon's main argument for abandoning this essential weapon was that the British underwriters would either be obliged to repudiate their liabilities, or to compensate the enemy's merchants for damage done by British ships. Surely such an argument was quite unworthy of Mr. Simon, both as a lawyer and a legislator. If the members of Lloyd's choose to insure foreign ships and cargoes, that is their affair, and the chance of war breaking out is one of the risks they are paid to take. Undoubtedly if they repudiate, their credit is gone; but all this is a matter of business, and is not to be weighed in the scales against our chances of naval victory.

Mr. F. E. Smith gave it as his opinion that "we lost more than we gained by the present system". If that be the fact (and Mr. Smith produced no tittle of evidence in support of his assertion), it proves not that the system is wrong, but that our Navy have been unsuccessful in carrying it out. The object in war is to

inflict as much injury upon the enemy as you can in the shortest space of time. Our fleet may have failed in past wars to capture foreign merchantmen, though we really cannot accept Mr. Smith's "ipse dixit" on the matter. But to argue that because by the Treaty of Paris we "made German imports immune in neutral bottoms", we should now proceed to make them immune in German bottoms, is strange reasoning. As well proceed to amputate an arm because you have lost a foot.

Now that Mr. Grayson has taken his cue about the Germans, as he does most things, from Mr. Blatchford, we might expect him at least to convert the Labour party to a big Navy, as he has become their chief man. But he proposes, as we gather from his speech at Bury, to wait until "a small gang of parasites who are exploiting our labour is suppressed". A good deal has to be done therefore before he thinks it worth while to take measures against invasion from anywhere. He is going to hold himself back until there is no competition between nation and nation. Then there will be no wars and his services will not be needed. This is the sort of thing that shows Mr. Grayson as what he is—a person full of frothy declamation. His trite joke about there being no need for the Germans to invade England, as they have done it already, had as little wit in it as the rest of his speech.

Will the Lords accept the Commons' restoration of Clause 3, providing Executive Councils for Lieutenant-Governors, to the Indian Councils Bill? The Government have again failed to show that it is supported by the Councils of either the Secretary of State or the Viceroy, or, with one exception, by the Lieutenant-Governors concerned. No fresh reason or authority is adduced. Its reinsertion is a mere piece of bluff, and the Lords should deal with it accordingly. More embarrassing, and perhaps even more mischievous, is the declaration that persons whom the Indian Government have found it necessary to deport on account of sedition and hostility to British rule will not be disqualified from occupying seats on the new Legislative Councils. This sort of perversity comes naturally enough from a certain little group in the House, but it is astounding to find the official spokesman of the Ministry in their company.

Russia and England have intervened in Persia to save an anti-European outbreak in Tabriz. The inhabitants were reduced to sore straits, and it was feared that the Europeans might be attacked in order to compel the Powers to use their influence with the Shah. The upshot is that an armistice has been arranged whilst the representatives of Russia and England send provisions into the town. Civil war surely never produced anything more topsy-turvy. Certain of the Shah's subjects take up arms against him; they get into a tight corner from want of supplies, and outside influence is brought to bear in a way which relieves them from the just consequences of their disloyalty. Whatever view we may take of the Shah's action in the last few months, he certainly has grounds for serious objection to intervention which materially assists his enemies in maintaining the struggle. The re-provisioning of Tabriz puts them back in whatever position of advantage they occupied weeks ago.

Constantinople is at present in the peculiar position of a beleaguered town, its leaders in league with the investors. In a sense all the authorities, both within and without the city, are Young Turks; so they have certain common objects, and it is likely that they will continue to play at constitutionalism. Of course it is really nothing but military government either way. The Constantinople garrison which overthrew the Committee of Union is not likely to accept the domination of the Macedonian army without a protest. If the position of the Sultan is injuriously affected, certainly if his safety is threatened, there will be very grave ructions sooner or later. The Sultan does not want to abdicate; so a peaceful settlement by putting a new and, we will hope,

better man in place of Abdul Hamid is impossible. Most of the newspaper correspondents' "intelligence" is too optimistic. They are nearly all strong partisans of the Committee of Union and Progress, and, perhaps unconsciously, put things as favourably as they can for their own side. This may be so with the reports current on Friday of the deposition of the Sultan.

M. Isvolsky has sent a telegram to the Bulgarian Prime Minister congratulating him on the fact of Bulgarian independence. Though formal recognition by Great Britain, Russia, and France has not yet been given, M. Isvolsky would not have sent his telegram if they were not already resolved, without any further question of a Conference, to acknowledge the new status of Bulgaria. They have held Turkey to her signing of the agreement between Turkey and Bulgaria in spite of all her efforts to delay it. Their steady support has prevented Bulgaria withdrawing from negotiation and mobilising her troops, which she has been several times on the point of doing.

The Protocol is still to be ratified by the Turkish Parliament; but, whatever the result of the changes at Constantinople may be, the three Powers will use all their influence, as they have done all through. The Bulgarian delegate only signed the Protocol on the understanding that the recognition of independence was implied in that act. In this case, as in that of the Austro-Servian arrangement, nothing more can possibly be needed than an arrangement by the ordinary diplomatic means. A Conference in the circumstances is altogether superfluous; and M. Isvolsky's telegram would not have been sent if there remained any probability of its being held.

Mr. Patten's so-called wheat corner has either broken down completely or his operations are no longer creating alarm. Prices, however, did not go down much in America until the latter part of the week, when there was a great fall. In this country they have, in fact, gone up considerably in many cases. At Mark Lane there were slight decreases of a shilling or so a quarter; while at Guildford, where wheat reached 50s. on Tuesday, and at Spalding, where the highest price was 46s., the rise was continuous. Bread is everywhere, both in this country and in others, considerably dearer than it was a week or so ago. If prices do not begin to go down steadily, it will become clear that there is a real shortage of supplies.

Nothing is likely to come of the proposal in America to legislate against corners or to take off the duty on Canadian wheat. It has been pointed out that the prices of Canadian wheat follow the prices in the American market. The development of wheat-growing in Canada is therefore an important element in the question of wheat corners in America. The more Canadian wheat comes into our market, the more we are protected from the operations of American speculators. This is a fact which will not be lost sight of in future discussions about preference. Recent experience will be useful.

Is the "human centre of gravity" of the Irish people going to shift? Sir Horace Plunkett has said it is "fixed in a future state". When, however, the author of "Economics for Irishmen" is allowed to make a speech on his own subject on a United Irish League platform—as he did at Claremorris last week—and is cheered by the audience, one may wonder whether Sir Horace is quite right. But, it should be added, the author was ready to prove to the Nationalist farmers and peasants that they ought to be getting their five pounds an acre out of the land. That is more than enough to move any English farmer's centre of gravity; and one can imagine it affecting even the Irish.

The "Molly Maguires" have triumphed over Mr. O'Brien and conciliation—this is Mr. Healy's name for

them, and he is a patriot. They were charged with boycotting Mr. O'Brien at the National Convention, and even the magistrate's reason in dismissing the charge is curiously Irish—"No jury could be got to agree". In any other civilised country the question for the magistrate would be, "Is there evidence to go before a jury?" As it stands, the decision is a judicial confession that the judicial process has broken down, even in the capital, as if Mr. Birrell had learnt his business in the service of the Sultan. The main difference seems to be that while Young Turkey at least tries to move upwards, Young Ireland moves always downward. When will nationality cease to kill the nation?

Another of Ireland's uncrowned kings, attended by his "state chaplain", is now in Dublin from America trying to heal a split, and he appears to find the task rather depressing, the fracture being a compound one. The division occurs in the Irish wing of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, Mr. Joe Devlin M.P. leading the bulk of the patriots in opposition to Cardinal Logue, who calls on them to "obey the rules of their Order", which means giving up politics, a rather hard thing to expect. The envoy from America and his "state chaplain" come to support the Cardinal in the work of discipline; but Mr. Devlin's followers explain that there was no complaint against their being as political as they pleased before Mr. Devlin diverted them from the politics of the priests to his own. This Hibernian plenipotentiary is Mr. Mathew J. Cummings, and he comes with credentials from the Pope's viceroy in the United States, which shows the solicitude of these ecclesiastics for the unity and happiness of the Irish nation at home and abroad.

If the action for slander brought against Lord Rosebery by his late factor, Mr. Drysdale, for £10,000 had been brought in England, it is very probable that all the circumstances would have been threshed out in Court. Lord Salvesen had to settle the issues, a proceeding which differs from our own, and in so doing decided that there was no legal case against Lord Rosebery to be tried. Lord Rosebery had written a letter empowering an agent to take possession of all the papers held by Mr. Drysdale as his factor. Though he made no imputations against Mr. Drysdale, this gentleman contended that his sudden supersession carried with it an imputation against his character.

Lord Salvesen held that Lord Rosebery was entitled to take possession of papers and the safe for any purpose he chose, including the investigation of accounts, and was not responsible for the unfavourable inferences people might make. This may be unimpeachable; but one cannot help feeling sympathy with Mr. Drysdale, especially as the investigation was entirely satisfactory and no allegation was made against his probity on the record.

Lord Rosebery's appeal for poor cabby must touch us all. It is, as he says, the hardest of all the hard cases of unemployment. The cabman suffers not from any personal shortcoming, but because his employment is slipping through his fingers without hope of recovery. He is the victim of changes he must submit to; and he and his horse are passing away as the coach and horses did when railways ruined thousands. What can be done? The public will help if a way to do it is shown. We wish Lord Rosebery had suggested some way.

Mr. John Davidson's death is no longer doubted by his family. There is evidence too striking to be overlooked in his more recent work of a morbid mental condition, and he has most probably put an end to his life. Mr. Davidson was a man of talent in many ways, and as a poet had a certain genius. His work was uneven, but in some ways he certainly expressed the modern mind. Mr. Davidson taught what he learned in suffering, but unfortunately it was his teaching which mostly ruined his poetry. It became violently didactic instead of beautiful. Thus he missed being a great poet.

MR. ASQUITH'S DELAY.

IN the opening sentences of Mr. Asquith's speech at Glasgow there was a phrase over which the bulk of the Liberal party might well ponder when they are inclined to resist any efforts to make the Navy of the country supreme. It also is an interesting commentary on Mr. Churchill's letter of a few days ago which has perhaps been put into the wastepaper basket after the laughter of the House of Commons last Thursday. That letter asked us to abandon the two-Power standard on the strength of Mr. Churchill's own dogmatic forecasts as to the grouping of nations three years hence. We have always to remember that what is a mere amiable aspiration with the generality of men is converted into an absolute certainty in the crucible of the Anglo-American brain of Mr. Churchill. Those of us who know that our Navy is a matter of life and death to the British Empire will hardly, for the sake of postponing the expenditure of a million sterling on four battleships, hazard its fate on likelihoods or even probabilities. Mr. Asquith was referring to Turkey, but the application of his phrase is worldwide. He told his audience that he had set out with the intention of beginning his speech by congratulating them on the disappearance of all symptoms of unrest in the Near East, "but a sudden and unforeseen cloud has darkened the prospect". The record of the Liberal Government on the question of armaments and the despairing efforts for their reduction has been one long dismal page of forecasts made and falsified, and of efforts the very existence of which has provoked the evils which they were intended to prevent. It is a fact beyond all dispute, and verified by the Prime Minister himself, that in their first two years of office the Government provided for six armoured ships as compared with six for Germany, and last year, according to the Prime Minister, we commenced two armoured ships as compared with eight for Germany. Thus their record up to the time they came before Parliament this year was a provision of eight armoured ships as compared with fourteen for Germany and six for the United States. Those are the damning facts which are not denied, except that in regard to two of their armoured ships the German Government have officially stated that they have not been commenced. This is a statement which, in view of the evidence now obtained, may easily be accepted if the Germans choose to credit the guns and mountings for those two ships to the reserves of other ships. These things have occurred under a British Government which gave the most explicit pledges in 1906 and 1907 that they would maintain the relative superiority of the British Navy over other navies in the position in which it stood at the time the pledges were given. In spite of this state of affairs showing how utterly unsafe are the pledges of the Government on this imperial and non-party issue, the whole weight of party machinery in Parliament was turned on to prevent an increase being made in the British programme of only four armoured ships for this year, with the result that only two Liberals ventured to vote in favour of increase. On a matter of life and death to the empire it is unfortunately true that financial considerations still form the dominant motive of the Government. Mr. Asquith's speech on this head, like that of his satellite Mr. McKenna in introducing the Navy Estimates, is significantly apologetic to the so-called economists as to the size of Navy Estimates which are officially stated to be £5,816,000 lower than in 1904-1905, while the Navy Estimates of Germany have increased in the same period by £9,492,000.

Invariably the appeal is to sectional interests and minor considerations. What was Mr. Balfour to do? He did not speak first, for the initiative rested entirely with the Government. The high ground of imperial interests was there for them to occupy. It was only when they failed to do this that Mr. Balfour stepped forward and dominated the political arena, as we trust every great leader always will who sweeps aside the party calls and counter cries and places imperial interests in the forefront of battle. We gladly welcome the signs of grace on the part of Mr. Asquith

in proposing an imperial naval conference. This is an almost illimitable advance on the unpatriotic exhibition afforded by the National Liberal Federation only two months ago.

Mr. Asquith, mindful of the fact that the Cawdor memorandum of 1905 stipulated for a minimum programme of four large armoured ships per annum, and that we have laid down four warships in the course of three years, making no allowance for the loss of the "Montagu" or the subsequent increases of the German programme, described that memorandum as "an electioneering pamphlet published out of due season at the time of the resignation of the late Government, or just before it, and just before the General Election of 1906". Closer inquiry will show Mr. Asquith that the Cawdor memorandum was entirely drawn up by his present chief naval advisers and was printed in book form three times before its final issue to the public in November 1905. Mr. Asquith proceeded to declare that we are on the eve of new and greater "Dreadnoughts" than the "Neptune" laid down this year, and that the "Neptune" herself represents an advance of thirty per cent. on the "Dreadnought". The "Dreadnought", from the fuss made over her in official circles, could then only have been in the official view an advance of at least fifty per cent. on the pre-"Dreadnoughts". What, then, becomes of the value of those forty pre-"Dreadnoughts" from 1912 on with which Mr. Asquith makes so great a play in his speech in company with twenty German pre-"Dreadnoughts" and twenty-five American? The Government have told us that the life of these vessels has been seriously depreciated by the advent of the "Dreadnoughts", and yet in other parts of their speeches they include vessels twenty years old for which they themselves declare that they have made no provision in manning. When Mr. Asquith urges delay for the preparation of designs, he forgets that in response to questions and speeches of the member for King's Lynn last session the Admiralty gave the most specific pledges that the designs for all the vessels of this year's programme would be ready at the beginning of the year, so as to enable the ships to be laid down at once. By broken pledges, by pitting sectional against national interests, by showing a divided front in face of grave national emergency, the Government have entirely forfeited the confidence of the country in the matter most vital to the existence of the British Empire.

THE CAPTURE OF LONDON.

THE London Elections Bill is, to borrow "a sabre-cut of Saxon speech", a dirty trick, emanating from that malignant and notorious Radical Mr. W. H. Dickinson, the member for North S. Pancras. This gentleman is a great machine-politician, up to all the arts and dodges of the American boss: he is also a statesman of the parish-pump order, quite a pundit on such dreary subjects as drainage and rating. After slaving for a good many years in the pit of parochial politics Mr. Dickinson at length emerged into the upper air of S. Stephen's in 1906, when, it may be remembered, he was put up to move or second the Address. He made a speech which settled his prospects in the House of Commons, for in the narrow and bitter style of a partisan nursed in the County Council, he exulted over the fallen foe. That is a mistake which the House of Commons never forgets, and hardly ever forgives—rightly so, for it discovers "the hairy heel" in a man. The contemptuous rebuke administered by Mr. Balfour and the hostile reception of the House depressed Mr. Dickinson for two whole sessions; but last year he attempted to do what this year he has succeeded in persuading the Government to attempt, namely, to perpetuate by Act of Parliament the Radical ascendancy in London. The voice is the voice of Harcourt, but the hands are the hands of Dickinson. It is an endeavour of shameless partisanship for which the sly, smooth-tongued, insinuating Mr. Harcourt was the well-chosen instrument, and for which, it is to be hoped, the House of Lords will provide a swift and unceremonious shrift.

London has a population bordering upon six millions,

larger than Ireland, larger than Scotland, larger than Australia, as large as Canada, ten times greater than Birmingham, which Mr. Harcourt, with an iteration which he seemed to think witty, proposed as a model for imitation. It has a greater aggregation of wealth at one end of the town and of poverty at the other end than any city in the world. It has a larger criminal and semi-criminal population, diffused throughout the whole, than any other city. It is exposed to far greater risks from the lawless section of society than any other city, and it is therefore emphatically not a body on which to make experiments for the benefit of the Radical party. It is proposed by the London Elections Bill to disfranchise as large a number of the propertied class as is possible, and to enfranchise as large a number of the vagabond class as is possible. By throwing this huge agglomeration of cities into one electoral borough, in which no one is to be allowed to use more than one vote and in which successive occupation is to be substituted for the present qualification of twelve months' residence in the same parliamentary division, a fatal blow is struck at the one means of protection, which the educated classes in the metropolis still enjoy against the shifting masses of dubious and disreputable citizens. It is often asked how London, with its large criminal and pauper population, and with its still larger class hovering between the workhouse and the gaol, has been enabled up to 1906 to return so large a majority of Conservative members. The answer is that the undesirable sections of the metropolitan community are not able to satisfy the very moderate test of respectability imposed by a year's residence in one neighbourhood. They flit from one district to another, these doubtful characters, frequently to avoid the payment of rent or taxes, and sometimes to escape the observation of the police. The man who shifts from Bermondsey to Limehouse, from Limehouse to Hackney, and from Hackney to S. Pancras in the course of eighteen months is, nine times out of ten, a "waster" or worse. Hitherto the revising barrister has barred his entrance to the polling station: but Messrs. Harcourt and Dickinson are anxious to receive him with open arms; and they are right, for he would infallibly vote for them. Under the proposed Act this electoral nomad may roam, fancy free, from Woolwich to West Kensington or from Paddington to Poplar; in fact he may box the London compass; and so long as he can prove that he has successively occupied "a rateable tenement" (which may be, and often is, a single room) for twelve months, he will be entitled to vote in the division of the borough in which he may happen to be caught by a canvasser at the time of an election. But Mr. Harcourt is not content with proposing a law to suit the convenience of the vagabond vote. He is determined at the same time to diminish as far as he can the political power of the educated and wealthy citizens. Under the present law a man who occupies an office in the City, or chambers in the Temple or Lincoln's Inn, and a house in the West End can record his vote in both places. Mr. Harcourt proposes to deprive him of one of these votes on the ground that a man cannot vote twice in the same borough. The meanness of this dodge is as despicable as anything we remember to have been proposed by a Minister of the Crown, for if the man lived a mile or two farther out, say at Richmond or Walton, Mr. Harcourt would leave him in possession of his two votes. This section of the Bill is a good illustration of legislating by a side wind, for of course the clause is nothing but our old friend "One Man One Vote" which Mr. Harcourt failed to carry in 1907. Either the principle that a man may vote in as many constituencies as he has qualifications should be abolished, or it should be maintained. But if the plural vote is to be abolished, it must be abolished simultaneously in England, Scotland, and Ireland. To pick out London, which, as we have shown, is electorally bigger than Scotland, and there to disfranchise the plural voter on the paltry pretence that the metropolis is one borough, is a move in "boss" politics of which the impudence is only equalled by the profound immorality.

This whole question of the oneness of London was deliberately and authoritatively decided first in 1885,

when the number of metropolitan constituencies was raised from twenty to sixty-one, and secondly in 1899 by the creation of the borough councils. Why, if London is as much one borough as Birmingham, did Parliament think it necessary to set up twenty-eight separate municipal boroughs, each with its own mayor? Has Birmingham got twenty-eight mayors? Those who wish to know exactly why Mr. Dickinson and Mr. Pickersgill and their friends are so anxious to rip up the arrangements of 1885 and 1899 and, by a piece of pure political atavism, to revert to the status quo ante redistribution, would do well to look up the political history of London. In the days when London only sent twenty members to the House of Commons, there were usually twelve Radicals to eight Conservatives. Lambeth, which between 1885 and 1906 sent steadily four Tories to Westminster, used before 1885 as steadily to return two Radicals. It was discovered by some clever man that if you cut up the metropolis into constituencies of compassable size, in which the candidate could be seen and heard, it would be overwhelmingly Conservative, as turned out to be the truth. Huge, amorphous, floating masses of voters, too numerous to be talked to, too fluid to be acted on by sentiments of "bon voisinage", are the natural prey of the boss and his agents, of the liars, the bribers, and the bullies who infest the political purlieus of big cities and sweep the ignorant electors by the thousand into the party net. The Conservatives have struggled very hard to prevent the Tammanisation of London, which they saw could only be done by keeping the electoral areas small. They succeeded in 1885, partly because Sir Charles Dilke thought that the effect of the redistribution of seats would be the reverse of what it was. For the last twenty-two years decency has been preserved in London politics. Mr. Harcourt's Bill would plunge the metropolis into a slough of electoral blackguardism and corruption, to which the annals of the Bowery could afford no parallel.

THE SOP TO WELSH RADICALISM.

IF Mr. Asquith has any touch of superstition in his intellectual equipment, he must have felt a cold shiver last Wednesday afternoon as for the third time he expounded to the House of Commons his plan for the disestablishment and the disendowment of the Church in Wales. Fourteen years ago a measure conceived on almost exactly the same lines had acted as the final solvent of the Radical majority. To-day at the head of a Government scarcely more united than the Cabinet which penned Lord Rosebery and Sir William Harcourt in the same fold, he is once more invoking the Nemesis that broods over spoliation and sacrilege. It may indeed be urged on Mr. Asquith's behalf that he knows the Bill will never become law, and that thirty hungry Welsh members were threatening revolt unless at least a demonstration in their interest was made from the Treasury Benches. But he has reopened a policy which mainly brought about the débâcle of 1895, and he has elected once more to show that there is no place for Churchmen in the ranks of the Liberal party.

The unreality of the Bill, the want of any genuine desire to make out an effective and honest case for it, was admirably hit off by Mr. Bridgeman's amendment. As far back as 11 July 1906 Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman had pleaded the embarrassment which had been caused in previous attacks upon the Church in Wales by the absence of official information on its condition, its numbers, and the extent and value of its temporalities. A Royal Commission, said the then Prime Minister, had been appointed to obtain that information; and without directly pledging himself or his successors he made it plain enough that any future legislation would be based on the evidence procured by that Commission. Some months have passed since public proceedings of that body came to an end; a huge mass of testimony has been collected, sifted, tabulated, and prepared for the printer; the Commissioners are believed to be prepared with their report or reports, and a few

weeks' delay would have given members on both sides an opportunity for the first time of getting down to something in the nature of truth. But, possibly with a shrewd anticipation of the conclusions of the Commissioners, the fiery Welshmen would brook no delay, and the Prime Minister has been driven to revive the old "Cupar justice" of execution before verdict. Mr. Asquith himself has seen, at any rate, some of the figures, but his handling of them on Wednesday was not at all likely to help, and subsequent speakers were compelled to flounder on in the half-light of discredited and disputed statistics. Mr. Balfour was amply justified in declaring that no such treatment has ever before been meted out by a Government to a Commission of its own appointment. And turning from arithmetic to history the Prime Minister indulged in perhaps the most extraordinary travesty of fact which has ever been presented by a man of culture and learning to an educated audience. That lamentable century when Whig Erastianism tried to crush the life out of a clergy who were suspected of cherishing too kindly a memory for the House of Stuart was extended to the earliest incorporation of the Principality with the Kingdom of England. The ancient Church of Wales, said Mr. Asquith, was used "for centuries for political purposes as the organ and instrument of the English Government". Fortunately Mr. Asquith fixed the date of the beginning of the "denationalisation" of the Welsh Church by her neighbour as the reign of Henry II., and inferentially gave up the name of his informant, Giraldus Cambrensis. This is not the first time that the pages of the lively Archdeacon have proved an insecure foundation for sweeping and unfounded generalisations. The Elizabethan Bishops bearing the suggestive name of Morgan Davies, who translated the Bible and Prayer-book into the vernacular and gave a new lease of life to the Welsh language, can hardly be cited as witnesses to the charge of "denationalisation".

The Prime Minister's impeachment of the Welsh dioceses, founded on dubious figures and impossible history, assumed, or seemed to assume, that in the recent words of a militant Liberationist the Church in Wales is "a dwindling minority". The answer to this had been abundantly supplied on 21 March last by the Bishop of S. David's in an admirable speech at the Church House. His Lordship, who is a Welshman of the Welsh, the strangest conceivable product of a "denationalised Church", proved in trenchant fashion that the Church of Wales is moving forward all along the line, in the number of her ministers, in the number of her buildings and her services, in her Sunday-schools, her Confirmation candidates and her communicants. He refuted in advance the charge that her progress is confined to the towns and the unendowed parishes by showing, on the test of numbers, that the revival is greater proportionately in the rural than in the urban and populous districts, and that the average income derived from endowments is substantially larger in the town than in the country benefices. But satisfactory as this assurance must be, we are far from basing our resistance to the spoliation of the Welsh Church on the ground of its increasing numbers. The question is not one of comparative progress; it is one of right and wrong, and no amount of sophistry or juggling can justify the alienation to cottage hospitals and public libraries of property which has been set apart for God's service. Mr. Asquith takes credit for the generosity of his proposals, for their tender regard of vested interests, for the mess of pottage which is offered to existing incumbents in exchange for the birthright of their parishioners. The bribe is offered in vain, and the threatened Churchmen turn, in the memorable metaphor of Archbishop Magee, to their brethren in the other ship. No less memorable are the words of another Archbishop, of Edward White Benson, to whose lot it fell to defeat Mr. Asquith's former assault: "To you who are our elder selves, the fountain of the episcopacy, the primeval British dioceses, I come from the steps of the Church of S. Augustine, your younger ally, to tell you that by the benediction of God we will not quietly see you disinherited."

Needless to say the analogy of the Church of Ireland was prayed in aid by Mr. Asquith, and with the same fine disregard of historical fact. There is a fundamental difference between the Church of Ireland and the English Dioceses in Wales. The Church of Ireland remained, after disestablishment, a separate entity with full powers of self-government and self-administration. It had been united with the Church of England by Act of Parliament for less than seventy years; it was able to resume with diminished status and impoverished resources the position it had occupied before the Act of Union. The Welsh Church has never, since the days of the Heptarchy at any rate, had a separate existence. It has been an integral part of the Church of England—to speak precisely, of the Province of Canterbury. In Mr. Gladstone's language the whole system of law, usage, and history has made the two Churches one, and it is not possible to separate the case of Wales from the case of England.

That impossibility is just what Mr. Asquith is attempting, and a more unjust and a more iniquitous—one might almost say a more ridiculous—scheme has seldom been devised by the wit of man. These unlucky dioceses, trimmed into shape by the Ordnance Map, in defiance of the traditions and associations of centuries, are cast off from their fellows, forbidden to associate with them on any terms, rendered incapable of joining with them in the common task of Christian work and organisation, and deprived of all the rights conferred by the laws ecclesiastical. The dioceses of S. David's, of S. Asaph, of Llandaff, of Bangor "march" in common parlance with those of Chester and Lichfield and Hereford and Gloucester; they have from the earliest days of which authentic history bears record been one in communion, one in association, one in obedience. If Mr. Asquith's Bill were to become law, we should have on the east of an almost imaginary line an old historic Church, on the west a statutory sect, plundered of nearly all its possessions and bidden to reconstitute itself as well as the petty persecutions of triumphant nonconformist authorities might permit. Of the generosity of Welsh County Councils where Church matters are concerned we have had examples enough and to spare, from the days of the notorious Mr. Gee down to the latest Swansea outrage.

The Parliamentary representatives of the Principality are at the present moment unanimous for disestablishment and disendowment. Majorities are fleeting things, and in 1895, the last General Election when this was made a vital issue, Wales and Monmouthshire returned nine members out of thirty-four to support their historic Church. Nor is there any part of the United Kingdom where minorities suffer so deeply from non-representation as in the Principality. Disestablishment is an irrevocable act, and it would be a national crime to treat the demand of a generation as the voice of a nation. We hear much of the rivalry and bad feeling which is generated by the existence of the Welsh Church as an established body. We are more than sceptical as to the existence of this ill-feeling outside a very limited and interested body of men. But even if it does exist, an imaginary grievance will not be cured by the creation of a real one.

THE PARTY OF ONE.

COULD any other man among us survive the experiences of Mr. Harold Cox as a Parliamentary politician? In their natural attachment to his attractive personality his constituents have been trying to find grounds for agreement, but now it is settled that if he represent them again, it must be merely as the Member for Free Trade, regardless of his increased loneliness in the coming House of Commons. His sole point of contact is the one at which they are all weakest, but that is quite in the way of Mr. Cox, who appears to have a passion for the advocacy of the impossible, as if for a test of his self-confidence. In regard to imperial defence and education, he has developed into a sound Tory; but in his opposition to the Socialists and to the notions of social reform which

they have forced on the Government, he is by no means Radical enough to be a sound Tory. If only he were more of a reformer he might grow into a useful Unionist, but so unnecessarily conservative are his instincts that he persists in regarding himself as a Liberal, on the strength of some recollection that he was at one time so regarded. His real trouble seems to be the ancient finality of laissez-faire, and, of course, Toryism could not stay behind with him at that, confusing the needs of one century with the preconceptions of another. Too liberal for Liberalism, not liberal enough for a Tory, and mentally fixed at a point long past on the way to progress, he beats the air, but with a brilliancy of stroke that prolongs his political existence beyond the usual life of lost causes. The mathematical mind in a political atmosphere? His distrust of Socialism is derived from experience. Unlike its professional leaders, he tried it in practice, and found that his socialistic experiment could succeed only with the socialism dropped out of it. Unfortunately he did not treat himself to any such thorough education in Free Trade, and so he remains to oppose tariff reform, apparently increasing his laissez-faire faith as the reason for it decreases, with a conflict between his logic and his loyalty which no other of our Parliamentarians could sustain for a season. Other bright spirits have made excursions into our political mid-air, but always in some sort of company, as centres to their own erratic constellations; never one that can be remembered in such thoroughly isolated brilliancy, so divinely independent of all reflex radiation.

Reforms are generally the better for the resistance which they have overcome, and Preston will do well to keep Mr. Cox in Parliament, that his criticism may help in constructing the incidence of a Tariff Reform Budget, not to mention that he must one day come down from mid-air, perhaps among the Tariff Reformers. The finer the vision of an erratic spirit, the surer is it to realise the losses of its isolation; and, after all, there is a sort of spiritual selfishness, quite inconsistent with enlightened altruism, in rising permanently beyond the reach of all other spirits.

We almost forgot that Mr. Cox had already argued himself into Tariff Reform. After his speech at Plunkett House, Dublin, last week, an amazing heckler took part in the discussion as follows: "I have been particularly interested in Mr. Cox' conclusions regarding the United States of America. He finds that country so big in itself, so varied in its climate, in its resources and in its products, that it makes little or no difference whether the tariff policy be either Free Trade or Protective, the natural and economic self-dependence being so complete—I hope I am interpreting Mr. Cox fairly?"

"Quite fairly", said Mr. Cox.

"Well, then", continued the heckler, "the United States of America are neither so big in themselves nor so varied in their climate, their resources and their products as our own Empire; and since it makes no matter, in such case, whether it be Free Trade or Protection, I want to put it to Mr. Cox why—" Mr. Cox began to sit uneasily in his chair. Sir Horace Plunkett's smile broadened, and the audience caught the unrest, after which the merciless heckler resumed:

"Mr. Cox has shown us clearly, and I fully agree with him, that the economic variety of the United States makes it immaterial whether they have Free Trade or Protection; and since the economic variety of the British Empire is much greater still, I must persist in asking Mr. Cox why the closer union of Great Britain and her Colonies should be sacrificed to something which admittedly does not matter?"

"Oh, I meant comparatively", pleaded Mr. Cox—"as compared with a country in Europe". But everybody knew that if he meant "comparatively", he had not said it; and in any case the imperial conception of Tariff Reform does not rest on merely European comparisons. It rests precisely on Mr. Cox' own definition of it as applied by himself in the case of the United States, a definition in which he argues himself a constructive Tariff Reformer, if but unconsciously; and if only he could keep as near to the ground as he was

brought for a few precious moments by that Irish heckler, he might become conscious that he was a Tariff Reformer, and remain on the ground—but in that case we must think of Preston! It is a sort of pity that even the best of us must remain so human, even in mid-air; but the temporary fall on the floor of Plunkett House may help to make a more permanent descent more easy elsewhere.

Mr. Cox did not appear to be quite happy in his Irish excursion, and Sir Horace Plunkett's mischievous eye must have twinkled when he first thought of bringing him over to show the blessings of Free Trade in Ireland, where there was little but what stood to be ruined by Free Trade, and less of what could be benefited by it. Sir Horace had properly introduced him to the Dublin audience as the greatest of all Free Traders, which unfortunately added much to the shock of his fall before the local heckler. He was also out of touch with his data. For example, he argued that Ireland could not gain by a duty on wheat because she produced so little of it as compared with other grain, and that she produced so little of it because she was naturally unfit; and he had "got up" the figures of Irish grain production to prove this. The fact is that the tillers have only the land fit to produce the other grain, and that the wheat land, which is ample and very rich, is under grass. With a sufficient profit margin on wheat-growing, there is no reason whatever why these extremely fertile wheat regions of Ireland should not have their grass broken up; and it has been demonstrated that the more gradual maturing of Irish crops, due to the climate, increases the vitality and the productivity of the seed, apart from the certainty of a large yield in bushels to the acre. Some of the finest wheat crops in the whole world are grown in the county of Meath now; and in a village of the same county, not more than fifty years ago, three to five hundred harvesters could find employment on the same morning, each man with his hook, in the days before the reaping machine had reached the region; whereas now, with machinery, agricultural science and Free Trade, the very rats run away from that naturally rich region to avoid famine. Mr. Harold Cox had better visit Ireland again, if only to complete himself as a party of one.

It is not denied that Free Trade has ruined or injured certain industrial interests in Great Britain, and it is equally plain that these were Ireland's chief interests; so that she stood to give something like a pound for her penny under Free Trade. She had no "teeming millions" of factory voters to be fed and led by cheap food and cheaper speeches; but she had a vital majority of the same kind of land workers and soil-dwellers, who have been ruined in Great Britain for the feeding and leading of the towns. These are the facts which Mr. Cox went over to disprove; and no wonder he came to grief in the attempt. The Nationalists know these facts very well, and they are nearly all understood to be Protectionists; but, in the way of their destiny, they ally themselves to those who ruin their country, all for Home Rule, which the allies cannot give, and even refuse to entertain. These things, however, are coming to be understood by "the greater Ireland beyond the sea", and the purse of patriotism is not a third of what it was three years ago, which may have some effect.

CONSTITUTIONALISM—À LA TURQUE.

THE Balkan Committee is again gurgling with happiness, and, of course, gurgles over into the public press. The "Turkish Constitutional party" is re-vindicating "constitutional liberty", and its constitutional triumph "will finish for ever with its "unconstitutional" enemies, or words to that effect. Fortunately, the public press is there to inform an unregenerate community what the Balkan Committee's darlings, the redoubtable Young Turks, have been, and are, doing in the way of constitutional proceedings of late. We find that they have descended on Constantinople with thirty batteries of machine guns, among other constitutional trifles, and have surrounded the

Ottoman capital, from which some of their leaders raced with more speed than dignity a fortnight ago, to the number of some 40,000 or 50,000 well-equipped soldiery. Surely the historical Colonel Pride never effected his historical Purge with more constitutional accoutrement. When they first broke into fame last year they had not proceeded otherwise. They had informed the Shadow of Allah in Yildiz that the whole of the army corps of Macedonia and Roumelia would make short work of his Sultanate, if he did not do precisely what they happened to want. One of the things which they happened to want was the expulsion of 6,000 existing placeholders from their places, and the appointment of 6,000 pro-Young Turks instead. In fact the electoral war cry which resounds from Maine to California, "To the victors the spoils", could not have been more enthusiastically adopted than by those Oriental students of Liberal principles. When, after a brief trial of his capacities or disposition, their own Grand Vizier, Kiamil Pasha, appeared to have failed to please such discriminating judges, they had sent a couple of companies of Salonika Chasseurs to "instruct" the new Parliament itself to put Hilmi in the place of Kiamil, in order to avoid unpleasantness. Unfortunately, the other people, the fellows whom the Balkan Committee cannot abide, imitated these strictly constitutional proceedings a fortnight ago, and expelled Hilmi quite as summarily as Kiamil; and so the 40,000 "Constitutionals" with their machine guns had to come in virtuous haste to remedy such "unconstitutional" misconduct. But does it not really look as if the man with force in his hand is doing all the time just what he has always done in Turkey—as well as some other countries—"constitutionally" or otherwise? No doubt very many, probably the vast majority, of the Young Turks were and are thoroughly and honestly disgusted and indignant at the waste, combined with inefficiency and injustice of every kind, which has marked Turkish rule time out of mind. If it please them to call their armed revolt and insurrection on behalf of reform "a constitutional movement", let them. They may call it "an algebraical movement" if it please them. But whether on the side of Young Turk or Old Turk it is force, and force alone, which is going to have the decisive word, just as in the days and country of Bajazet or Bismarck. Constitutionalism has painfully severe limitations, and all the talk in Cogers' Hall will not have the persuasive energy of a single yataghan in the neighbourhood of the Golden Horn.

Mr. Asquith is more practical than the effusive Lord Weardale or Mr. Buxton. And yet a recent speech of our "strong man" Premier was not quite unworthy of the Balkan Committee itself, so full was it of gush about Bosphorus constitutionalism. If British policy is not made of sterner stuff than that, there are bad days before British policy in the East of Europe. The question above all questions is, Who is going to win, and what are the forces that will secure the victory? Unquestionably the greatest force of all, the force which the Young Turk must admit as thoroughly as the oldest Turk in Stambul or the wildest sheik in the Hedjaz, is simply and entirely the Faith of Islam. All the parodies from the Convention Nationale and all the tricolours of Liberty, Fraternity, and Equality will continue simply to vanish into nonentity when the green banner of the Prophet waves before the mosque of Justinian's Holy Wisdom and the hoarse cheer of "Din, Din, Din!"—The Faith, the Faith, the Faith!—thunders and roars above the masses of the true believers. What brought down the Young Turk supremacy like a house of cards a fortnight ago? What will impress such deep decorum and real or feigned moderation upon the 40,000 machine-gun constitutionalists to-day? Just that green banner and that maddening cry. Let there be no mistake about it. It was not constitutionalism or unconstitutionality or reaction or any other output of Western gibberish which brought the Hilmi Cabinet down on its marrow-bones and turned four regiments of Salonika soldiery themselves into raging ghazis, rending and hewing their luckless officers. It was the dread, the inexpressible, the frenzied suspicion that "the Parisian Infidels are

betraying the Faith". It is only too certain that in the flush of triumph, in the easy confidence of easy success, in the relaxing life and habits of a great capital, numbers of the Young Turk officers, whose exile kept them too long in the atmosphere of the Quartier Latin and the Butte, showed a scepticism, an irreverence, at the best an easy-going tolerance or indifference, which, viewed at first with incredulous eyes, gradually provoked the fierce conviction that here were vile apostates and traitors to Islam and the Caliph of Islam. We are quite convinced that this suspicion is not dead, even in face of the 40,000 soldiers from Salonika. Even those soldiers themselves are not free from the sentiment, and we hear on good authority that the battery with which it was intended in certain events to bombard the Sultan's palace was manned entirely with officers, as the men could not be trusted.

A Liberal Cabinet ought to be something above the Balkan Committee. Yet we have heard Cabinet Ministers propounding the duty of the Sultan to the parliament pour rire at Constantinople with the same fatuous absurdity with which they lectured Austria upon its duty to the regicide mountebanks at Belgrade. What Turkey wants is not a sham House of Commons, but a strong and righteous Sultan. A Mohammedan autocrat of the stamp of Saladin or Akhbar is the person needed to deal with mutiny on the Bosphorus and massacre in Anatolia. It is precisely the Young Turks, with their impossible twaddle and hypocrisy about the "constitutional equality of all Ottomans", who have let loose the fanaticism of Cilicia and Kurdistan. While they are promenading their machine guns in support of a pseudo-Cromwellian Rump Parliament, "free and equal electors" at Aleppo and Adana are murdering, outraging and mutilating. A supreme test of the governing capacity of those egregious parliamentarians of Young Turkey is afforded by the very fact that they prefer to use their huge army for profitable treason instead of for public order. Why have they not sent 50,000 men from the armies of Salonika and Adrianople to save the lives and properties of the Sultan's Christian subjects in Asia Minor? They prefer to keep them posturing and swearing ridiculous "oaths to the Constitution", just like those absurd ceremonies "civiques et patriotiques" at which Citoyen Robespierre was such a distinguished adept. These players with broken revolutionary toys do not possess even rudimentary ideas of what public order really requires. They propose to remove the Sultan's Guards to the provinces and to keep the peace of Constantinople with Salonika gendarmes! But if the Salonika gendarmes have learned police duty in Macedonia they certainly will take months and years to understand the crime and criminals of the Ottoman metropolis; and their raw successors at Salonika will be equally at sea in unknown circumstances. A Corps of Guards is a Corps of Guards, and is absolutely unfitted to form a provincial garrison. Very disadvantageously for the public would our own Coldstreams and Grenadiers replace the Royal Irish Constabulary in the pacification of a Land League county. We venture to warn the Young Turks and their Balkan Committee upon another matter also. If they "constitutionise" the office of the Ottoman Sultan much further they will simply dig the grave of Turkish rule altogether. There are more authentic claimants to the Caliphate at Mecca and Fez than anywhere among the Turks, and a little more tampering with the prestige of the House of Othman may be the end of the Ottoman throne.

THE CITY.

THE Stock Exchange, having just passed through the really anxious Austrian-Servian crisis, refuses to be worried by a twopenny-halfpenny Turkish revolution. The markets have been stolidly indifferent, much to the disgust of the "bears" and the panic-mongering newspapers, which are hawked in vain up and down Throgmorton Street by raucous "camelots". That wonderful Yankee market has gone soaring up again, although it is quite notorious that the traffic receipts of all the railways have fallen off and are likely to decrease, and that the prospects of the Steel

Trust are anything but brilliant. Steel Commons are up to 53 again, and Union Pacifics to 192. Nobody can tell how strong the bull pool is, or just when the magnates will pass the word "Stand from under". Anybody who buys or sells Americans is gambling, and if he recognises that fact he may, if lucky, make money. To give money for a six months' "put" of Unions or Steel Commons is, in our judgment, the best gamble; but in Unions it is very expensive. Kaffirs are not exactly booming, but they are steady to firm. Modders have risen to 13½, and are still the best gambling counter. City Deeps are still favoured at 4½, and Knights at about the same price; both are good to buy for a further rise of £1. East Rands are high enough, and Consolidated Goldfields are too high. Village Deeps have dropped a trifle, owing to something supposed to be a reef being struck and assaying only 1 dwt. But "further and better particulars" are confidently awaited. For some mysterious reason Chartereds have moved up suddenly 1s. 6d., and there is a subcurrent of strength in the whole Rhodesian market. The mystery of Simmer and Jacks still remains unsolved, these shares paying 25 per cent. and sticking at 2—that is, a yield of 12½ per cent. higher than any other respectable mining share.

The meeting of the Oceana shareholders was held on Wednesday to confirm the writing down of the share capital by half to 10s. a share. It appears from the report of the auditors, who have examined the amended balance-sheet as drawn up by the shareholders' committee and the new board, that these new directors have taken a profit of £112,000 (odd) as realised on 30 June 1908 which was not realised; and, as the auditors point out, may never be realised. That is to say, the directors took the market prices of certain securities at that date, which was much above the cost. Securities which were valued at £112,000 on 30 June 1908 may, when they come to be sold, realise much less. Therefore the assets have been overvalued, by all sound rules of finance, to the tune of £112,000. As to the asset of 1,038,000 acres of land in the Transvaal, which appears in the balance-sheet at £129,000, or 2s. 6d. an acre, the auditors say that no evidence as to their value has been submitted to them. As to these acres, they are a stale and battered asset, which have been tossed about between the Oceana Consolidated and the Oceana Mineral Companies without a penn'orth of metal being found on any of them. They were sold by the Oceana Consolidated to the Oceana Minerals in 1897 for 400,000 shares. They were bought back again from the Minerals by the Consolidated in 1904 for 48,000 shares, which is rather less than 1s. a share—about what they may prove to be worth. These farms are situated in the Zoutpansberg, Rustenberg, and Waterberg districts, far away from the mineral area and from any railway. Their agricultural value is at present nothing, for the country is mostly covered with shrub and unwatered. These 1,000,000 acres may have been valued in 1907 at 4s. 3d. an acre by the late directors of the Oceana Consolidated, but then those gentlemen have not turned out to be good judges of South African values. It looks, therefore, as if this asset had been overvalued by about £80,000, which, if added to the £112,000 mentioned above, would show that the assets ought to be reduced by £192,000, or nearly one-quarter of the present figure. So far therefore from the new 10s. share being worth 12s. 6d., as one sanguine shareholder declared, its proper value is 10s. minus a quarter, i.e. 7s. 6d. We are not particularly enamoured of the new board of directors, amongst whom we fail to detect the presence of any man of real financial capacity. Talking of directors, we see that Mr. W. K. D'Arcy has formed a company to take off his hands the Persian oil baby he has been nursing so long, and that one of his board is a Serene Highness, who is brother to the future Queen of England. This is a novelty, but a reprehensible one. The occupants of the Throne and their relatives ought to keep absolutely clear of company-promoting. The East Indian Railway Company invite subscriptions to an issue of £2,550,000 3½ per cent. Debenture stock at £96 10s.

ALLIANCE ASSURANCE.

THERE is a small but very important group of insurance companies which undertake insurance business in all its forms: life, fire, marine, accident, employers' liability, and a number of miscellaneous forms of insurance fall within the scope of these great companies. Speaking generally, it is not of very much importance what office is selected for every kind of insurance except life, provided the company is financially strong and has a good reputation for dealing fairly with its policyholders. The result is that when people require many forms of insurance, such as fire, accident, burglary, employers' liability and the like, it is convenient to effect all the necessary policies in one office, especially if a company like the Alliance is chosen for the purpose. The board of directors has Lord Rothschild as the chairman, and the board as a whole is one of the strongest that exists. Mr. Robert Lewis, the general manager, is universally regarded as one of the most capable insurance men engaged in active work, and the financial position of the company, with well-invested assets exceeding seventeen millions, is quite exceptionally strong.

A considerable number of other companies are known to be financially sound and good by people who are familiar with insurance matters, but the quality of the Alliance is known to all men and is one of the relatively few companies in which people can effect insurance of all kinds with entire confidence that the security is great, the treatment of policyholders generous, and the conditions of the policies fully in keeping with the best modern practice.

There is usually little of importance to say about the annual reports of such a company as the Alliance. Apart from the life assurance branch, to which we shall refer directly, the chief feature of the report for 1908 is an exceptionally good fire year. The fire premium income amounted to £1,325,040, of which 43 per cent. was absorbed by the payment of claims and 36 per cent. by expenses, leaving a trading profit of 21 per cent. of the premiums received. This is an exceptionally good result due to the ability with which the affairs of the company are managed and the high-class character of the company's business.

The most interesting feature of the last annual report is the quinquennial valuation of the life branch; here, as in the other departments of the business, all that has to be reported is the steady maintenance of good results; the bonus is at the same rate as was declared at the previous two valuations, and the basis of the valuation is the same as before, with the exception that the new British offices mortality tables have been substituted for the older healthy males table formerly employed.

The rate of bonus declared on the series of policies at present being issued by the Alliance is an addition to the sum assured of 30s. per cent. per annum, calculated on the compound bonus principle, which, considering the moderate rates of premium charged by the Alliance, yields good results, though not quite so excellent as can be obtained in some other companies. The divisible profit for the five years amounts to £630,000, of which one-fifth goes to the proprietors and four-fifths to the participating policyholders; thus the proportion given to the shareholders is sufficient—were it not required for this purpose—to make the policyholders' bonus 37s. 6d. instead of 30s., which would be quite exceptionally large. The proprietors, however, naturally expect dividends, and the participating policyholders in the Alliance reap a very considerable benefit from the expenditure for commission and management being limited to 10 per cent. of the premium income, which in all probability is less than the expenditure actually incurred. Even making allowance for this, however, one-fifth of the surplus from the life assurance department is a somewhat large proportion of the profits for the proprietors to take, and has the effect of preventing the Alliance being in quite the front rank of life offices for excellence of results to policyholders. The profits derived by the proprietors from the life assurance branch have increased from £20,000 in 1878 to £40,000 in 1888, to £62,000 in 1898 and to £126,000 in 1908. It there-

fore becomes a question whether it would not be advisable for the Alliance to follow the example—if we remember rightly—of the Clerical, Medical and General and confine their share of the profits in the life branch to, say, £120,000 for the five years, until such time as one-tenth of the surplus, in place of the present one-fifth, exceeds this amount: it is quite possible that such a change as this, while benefiting the policyholders immediately, would ultimately benefit the shareholders as well.

HURIEYEH.

By MARK SYKES.

HURIEYEH! Huriyeh! and again Huriyeh! Let us repeat it again with a Turkish accent, close our teeth, and staccato our delivery, saying once more "Hur-i-yet"—for in Arabic Huriyeh means liberty, and the Turks, being universal plunderers of an etymological kind, have seized upon the word to express that event which occurred in the Ottoman Empire last July. Huriyeh is a portmanteau expression of the greatest capacity; it at once describes an era, an historical incident, a mood, and a school of thought; also it has various other interpretations besides.

Having, since childhood, had a great affection for those peoples who dwell in the Asiatic provinces of the Sultan, I decided to pay my friends a visit and congratulate them on Huriyeh. Accordingly I landed at Jaffa early in March—Jaffa the little flat town with a vile harbour, orange groves, blue sky and a blazing sun. Here I met an old comrade of mine; a Moslem Arab, with a strong dash of Turkish blood in his veins, stern, severe, laconic, absolutely trustworthy, a rigid observer of the law, honest, conservative, and on certain points absolutely rigid and immovable; he would sooner die than drink wine or break his plighted word; he would sooner lose all his worldly goods than be ruled by a Christian. "Well," said I, "O father of Mahmud, what are these new things?" "Huriyeh, my lord," he replied. "But what is this Huriyeh?" "That there is no law, and each one can do as he likes." As he spoke the father of Mahmud frowned, and a strange hard glitter came into his eyes. I at once perceived that to pursue the subject would show both a want of tact and taste. A Moslem, though he may have risked his life in your service, can show you very plainly that there are certain matters which he prefers not to discuss with you. As far as South Syria is concerned, the judgment of the father of Mahmud seemed not to be very far wrong. The overwhelming government had vanished, and nothing had taken its place. The people carried openly the revolvers they used to secrete about their persons, murderers and thieves were not punished, yet on the other hand there was not a great increase in the number of the thieving and murderous fraternity; taxes were neither paid nor asked for, public demonstrations had become a national amusement, the police were cheerfully impotent, and all except the Government officials were patiently waiting for something to turn up.

The governor of one city whom I met sat in his office and deplored the fact that six policemen were not sufficient to keep order among the 15,000 inhabitants for whose peace he was responsible. "Doubtless," said he, "Parliament will make provision." The gendarmes were subdued and suppressed in the presence of the public, while the troops seemed eager to learn their drill under the supervision of such junior officers as could drag themselves away from the political charms of the military club. Young officers were learning to say "J'adore le Jambon. Je bois le Koniak. Je ne suis pas fanatique. Les paysans sont ignorants. Nous avons la liberté. Nous avons le progrès." The Christians were beginning to quarrel among themselves; the Jews were beginning to peer and peep and talk of Zionism; the Ulema were reserved; and the father of Mahmud looked upon the new world with that same steely glitter in his eye.

This was urban Huriyeh. Rustic Huriyeh was different. The tillers of the land accepted matters as they came; fifty miles south of Jerusalem and twenty west of

the Dead Sea the village elders of Kseyfeh gave me their views of Huriyeh. We sat at eventide by a smoking fire of camel dung, I and three patriarchs with brown skins, brown eyes, snowy beards and ragged garments. Said I, "Well, what of Huriyeh?" The old men croaked and chuckled "What of Huriyeh? By God! men talk of Huriyeh, but we have not seen it!" "But is not the world different?" "The world", snapped one of the old men, "the world was ruined in time past. It is not built again because people in towns say Huriyeh! Man lives, dies, and so to an end whether Huriyeh or no Huriyeh!" "But are not things better for village folk?" "Sun and rain pay no heed to Huriyeh, but truly perhaps things are better; we paid no taxes this year; perhaps the book is lost, or perhaps Huriyeh has taken them away. God is all-knowing. What is before us God knows and no other." A fine, clean-limbed young shepherd broke into the discourse here: "There is no doubt that things are better; I did not hide my revolver when your lordship's escort came into the village!"

Seven days' ride south over the desert of the Araba which lies below the Dead Sea, the true and terrible desert, the desert of a huge mountain of blinding red-and-white stone, the desert of thick, impenetrable atmosphere, of deathly trees, withered, shrivelled, blasted and stunted, of jagged rocks, mushroom-topped hills, vast burning arid water-courses, of scanty acrid wells and unending ranges of uncharted hills. Men lived here once, but they are dead; dead as the withered grass, dead as the scoured empty channels scooped in these dead hills and highlands. In all aspects this hellish land speaks of death. In the shivering heat it speaks of death by thirst, its torrential rains spell wild floods and disasters, its rank swamps fever and pestilence, its blank barrenness starvation. But here nothing of Huriyeh.

Eastward at Ma'an on the Hejaz railway there is Huriyeh of a new kind; Huriyeh in the shape of thirteen ruined German locomotives standing alone in the desert, Huriyeh in the shape of brandy and loafers and much other wreckage human and inanimate. A drunken Turk in foul greasy clothes and a coal-dust blackened face, cursing his Khalif and babbling anarchy he has learned from Italian labourers, is not a pretty sight; but I mention it as a thing seen at Ma'an, for in history it will have its place, even as the ruined locomotives will have theirs. From Ma'an away north to a lonely railway station, a mud hut wherein a dismal youth from Baghdad sits watching a telegraph tape spinning out untruths about trains that never arrive. The youth wore English bedroom slippers, a check sporting waistcoat and a military overcoat. He sat with his telegraphic instrument before him, and a battered native guitar with one string in his hand. Between occasional taps at the wire he extemporised the most dismal quatrains about lost camping-grounds and swaying, graceful, heartless maidens.

Truly does East never meet West, or has the Day of Judgment dawned? The youth from Baghdad knew nothing of Huriyeh, but he let me water my horses at the engine-tank, for was he not an Arab in a desert, a gentleman, a poet, and a kindly host, in spite of his waistcoat and Morse code?

So still further north, even to the tents of the Beni Sakhr Bedawin, where the Shaykhs and horsemen of the border talk of Huriyeh. "Huriyeh and the railway are new things. God knows if they be good or bad. We are but Bedawin. They say there is a false prophet in the Yemen. God knows whether he is false or no. Rifles are getting cheaper; men say that soon a Mauser will fetch no more than half a Turkish pound. The soldiers of the Government are fewer than before—perhaps—" and here the conversation expires abruptly, and no amount of suggestion will coax it back to life. Neither the railway nor Huriyeh has made much change in this desert of the Balkah, as I had reason to learn soon after I left the tents of the Beni Sakhr. Firstly, riding along the line I met a goods train crawling along the level, and as the driver was an uncorrupted Anatolian he salaamed and stopped for a chat, just as

he would have done had he been riding a donkey. A little further down the line we came upon a valley filled with wildfowl—birds good to eat, but of what name I know not. I dismounted and had a few shots; suddenly a soldier of my escort shouted, "Get up; let's be off!" And well he had need, for on every skyline were advancing men, interspersed with galloping horsemen, who had suddenly sprung from nowhere. "These pimping Bedawin take us for Beni Sakhr", yelled the soldier. Hardly had he spoken when bullets began whizzing past us from every quarter—kicking in the dust, whistling by our ears, ricocheting and humming through the air in the liveliest manner; afterwards the thudding of Martinis, snapping Mausers, Gras rifles, and all the heterogeneous but unpleasantly accurate armoury which is now the commonplace of the desert. Vainly I waved my white helmet; the tribesmen only shot the faster, and seemingly straighter. The spot where we stood was absolutely wanting in any crevice into which we could creep, and, as the Arabs were now in a complete ring around us, affairs looked rather black. Luckily the horsemen, whose shooting was less to be feared than that of the people on foot, now began to close in; so the rear line ceased their firing for fear of hitting their own people. The horsemen yelled and "lillilued" in proper style, shooting as they came. The distant toot of the ridiculous train fell on my ear, and there flashed across my mind the picture of a party of Cook's tourists going to Petra: "Oh, my dear Maria, how interesting; look at those Arabs playing in the desert, 'children of Noah'—what are Mr. Blount's verses?—Selim, get the guide-book." Was I to end my days as a desert side-show? The bullets buzzed, and the horsemen whooped as viciously as ever. At last our enemies got within shrieking distance: "Friends! Friends! by the one God, friends!" till one wiry fellow on a flea-bitten mare got up close to us, thrust his Martini in my face, looked hard and then burst into peals of laughter. He waved to his companions, and then began to talk. "Ay, by God, by my life—a Frank; and we thought you Beni Sakhr, and truly 'twixt us and the Beni Sakhr there are no words but those of steel and lead!" Whizz! came a tardy bullet. "Nay, a friend—a friend"; bu-z-z! another bullet. "A friend—a friend, numskull!" Ping! another bullet, and, praise the Lord! the last. By this time our would-be captors were all around us, laughing, chattering and shouting the news. Everyone was appeased, excepting an elderly gentleman with a tent-pole. He was short-sighted and could not believe that Beni Sakhr did not wear solar topees, and continued to menace and rave until led away by two stout youngsters. The rest of the army, now perhaps two hundred strong, began to vanish whence they had come. Three horsemen, however, we obliged to accompany us to the nearest station. At the station the desponding stationmaster, an ex-Custom House officer from Galata, complained of these Arabs; they had pulled him out of bed and told him to go away on several occasions.

Still further north to Dera'a Junction, where Huriyeh becomes "Hur-i-yet". At Dera'a Junction junior officers of the Committee type hold forth at length by day and night in the Station Hotel; smartly dressed young officers whose moustaches are trained in talc improvers and whose waists are pinched into German overcoats. Here newspapers and politics are the order of the day; also philosophic disquisitions of a distinctly Latin type. Humanity is God; religion is the enemy of humanity; Priests and Mullahs are knaves, who delude fools and bind the world in chains; Mohammed was an epileptic; and Christ—well, if you understand Italian, you can read about that in the "Asino." These ethics, combined with a considerable amount of superficial theory about gradients, curves, highest equivalents, ranges, re-entrant angles, machine guns, squadrons on a peace and war footing, café concerts, &c., &c., form the conversational ammunition of the young men with Guillaume II. moustachios. When it comes to dealing with facts, such as a Bedawin raid, these advanced thinkers have to requisition the services of a Circassian or Kurdish sergeant; a "sauvage," a "barbare," a "fanatique," who knows nothing of re-entrant angles, and very little about café concerts.

By rail, on towards Damascus and Beirut, where once more "Huriyeh", in the shape of general anarchy tempered by lightheartedness and general freedom from hunger. Revolvers crack all night long; the mastic flows freely and openly; the cafés do a roaring trade, and nobody cares. Government spies and police have faded away; while crime, like a growing child, is beginning to spread its arms abroad. Some are looking a little gloomy, but meanwhile "Ma 'lesh."

Here, then, are some of the outer edges of Huriyeh—a few of the sputtering little blisters in the lava that surrounds the great volcano on the Bosphorus.

AN EXOTIC COMEDIAN.

By MAX BEERBOHM.

LAST Monday, at the Vaudeville Theatre, was produced "The Chorus Lady", a play by Mr. James Forbes. Miss Rose Stahl appeared in it. Or rather, it appeared around Miss Rose Stahl. This lady is well worth seeing. She is quite unlike anything that one has seen, or anything that one would be likely to imagine. In face she strongly resembles the Sarah Bernhardt of the 'eighties; and the likeness is consciously accentuated by the arrangement of her hair. She is very tall and very thin, and her walk is a kind of graceful shuffle. She carries her head thrust forward, her shoulders shrugged up, and her hands on her hips. Her hands are of the type that belong especially to tragic actresses—hands that are mainly fingers. Her face, in repose, seems to be that of one who broods deeply and darkly; and always her eyes seem to gaze right through the other mimes and beyond the "wings", or right through the auditorium, into the night. Her voice has the softly plaintive and lingering quality that belongs to the voices of people born and bred in the Southern States of America; but you may hear in it also a ring as of bitter revolt, deep down in the bosom, against something or other—life, perhaps. And the odd thing is that this woman of so tragical mien and aspect is impersonating not Phaedra, nor Clytemnestra, nor any other high figure of antique fable, but just a chorus girl of Broadway; and that the words falling like molten pearls from her lips are not remotely Attic, but of the very latest and wildest fashion in American argot. It is in this contrast between manner and matter that lies part of the secret of the spell that Miss Stahl cast over us last Monday. The contrast is irresistibly ludicrous. But it must not prevent us from recognising that Miss Stahl is in herself a comedian of rare and delicate accomplishment. That she seems, as Patricia O'Brien, so exactly like a great tragic actress with a strong sense of humour in private life, is certainly bad for Mr. James Forbes' intention—or would be so, if he had had any intention beyond giving her a vehicle for display of her own personal gifts. It is conceivable that Patricia O'Brien might, by mischance of fate, be in a musical comedy chorus. But it is quite inconceivable that she should be, as she is, well-content with her career, and thoroughly capable in it. When we first see her, she has just come to stay with her parents in their humble home. Magda, in similar conditions, never seemed more remote, though Patricia is really the soul of good-humour and humdrum common-sense. Her little sister is anxious to go on the stage, but Patricia is opposed to this idea. The little sister is romantic and confiding, and would probably go to the bad. However, in the second act, the little sister has had her way, and we see her in a dressing-room with a dozen other chorus girls, all of whom are emitting torrents of the lingo that Patricia has already made familiar to us—no, not familiar: years of patient study in New York itself would be needed to accustom us to this strange tongue; and, by the time we had mastered it, it would doubtless have been superseded by some other and yet stranger tongue. Students of Mr. George Ade's writing can imagine something of the manner of the dialogue; but only something: Mr. Forbes has dived deeper in the under-ocean of human speech, and has brought up more monstrous trophies to

affright us and delight us. The slang of New York has its origin, of course, in the climate. It is the climate that has produced the terrible doctrine and practice of "hustle"; and for people living in a wild chaos of competition, always in a blinding hurry and in the midst of a deafening din, language has to be pitched up high to cope with the circumstances. There is no time to pause, nor any place in which an ordinary quiet phrase would be able to reach your ear. Language, to produce any effect at all, must be as quick and as violent as all else. A phrase that has not the properties of dynamite goes unheeded. An English chorus girl might win a man's sympathy by explaining how difficult it is to keep a fixed smile of enjoyment whilst standing on one foot—to look as if you were doing quite naturally a delightful thing which you had never done before. Her American sister would get little sympathy that way. "It's the smile that's hard", she must declare; "fancy standing with your foot pointing a quarter-past six, and looking like the cat that's swallowed the canary!" Then, perhaps, the chivalrous American heart is wrung. All the chorus-girls in Mr. Forbes' play talk with an ingenuity and daring of which the sentence just quoted is a fair example. As uttered by them in the regular New York screech, the language has not the added quaintness that it takes on for us when it is given in the velvety Southern tones of Patricia. Nevertheless, it suffices to make the whole of the second act extremely interesting.

I understand that the play has been evolved from this second act, which was originally a scene by itself. Quite apart from its language, the scene shows that Mr. Forbes has a keen sense of type; and the contrast of the various girls' various little minds with the keen and sober little mind of Patricia gives Miss Rose Stahl an excellent chance of displaying her peculiar gift for comedy. I wish Mr. Forbes had left it at that. The third act is a slab of sheer nonsense; and not even Miss Stahl at her best would be able to redeem it; and, in point of fact, Miss Stahl is nowhere near her best. Apparently, Mr. Forbes was led to believe by Miss Stahl's appearance and voice that she was a great emotional actress. That was a very natural mistake. I made it myself. So soon as I saw what sort of things were to happen in the third act, I steeled myself in anticipation of a formidable attack on my nervous system. Stale and artificial though the situation in store evidently was, I imagined that Miss Stahl was going to thrill me. I reckoned without Mr. Forbes' capacity for making a foolish situation doubly foolish. The little sister had been lured to the rooms of the seducer, whose servant appeared to be quite unable to prevent any casual person from dropping in for a friendly chat. One of these casual persons was the man to whom Patricia was betrothed. And the little sister was hustled into the bedroom. Later came Patricia herself, suspecting the little sister's whereabouts. Later came again the man to whom she was betrothed; and so she, too, was hustled into the bedroom. When the moment came for the betrothed to insist on searching the bedroom, what could have been simpler than for the sisters O'Brien to step forth smiling and hand in hand? Patricia, however, being an old playgoer, insisted on stepping forth alone, to blast the happiness of her betrothed, and of herself. Not even the greatest of tragic actresses could have covered up the absurdity of this climax. But it had already become clear to me that Miss Stahl was a comedian pure and simple. So soon as she had become dramatically intense, she had become dull. Her tragedy was all on the surface. In her heart, I am sure, she was roaring with laughter—quite right too! I suggest that at future performances the two last acts be omitted, and the first two be repeated. Twice would be not too often—nor often enough—to see Miss Stahl in comedy.

MUSIC IN NEW YORK.

By FILSON YOUNG.

MUSIC is like the Catholic Church; its members are united the world over, and find themselves at home under any sun. I went last Monday to hear "Rheingold" at the Metropolitan Opera House; and

although outside the tremendous, unfamiliar surging roar of New York filled the night, and the thousand flashing sky-signs of Broadway assured me that I was in a very new world, yet within I found Wotan and Fricka, and Freia and Froh, and Fafner and Fasolt and the rest of them all very much as I had left them a month before in London. And at "Walküre" and "Siegfried", at "Aida", with Caruso and Destinn, at Bach's "S. Matthew Passion" under Damrosch at the Carnegie Hall on Thursday, I was in a strangely familiar company; the same faces, the same emotions, the same human mistakes, the same artistic elements which you may breathe in Berlin or the Brazils, at Yokohama or Rome.

But of course there is a difference, too; everything in New York is self-consciously different from the old world. I will not be betrayed into a disquisition on America, but I find it hard to write about American music without also writing about dollars and cuspids and chewing-gum and grape-fruit and other strange objects with which my path is at present strewn—the dollars, I need not say, being strewn behind and not before me. America gets in the way, even in the Opera House. This stirring, stimulating climate has apparently developed the sense of hearing to an amazing degree, and I suppose there is no opera audience in the world more capable of being sensuously pleased by sounds than this audience in the Metropolitan. Hence Caruso and Destinn and Morena and Nordica and the rest of them; and hence also a shockingly bad performance of "Rheingold". For when it is a case of stars and warblers, they will have the best; their keen ears detect and are pleased with the animal loveliness of voices like Caruso's and Melba's. But they are still at sea with Wagner. Clever, precocious children as they are, they quickly recognised that there was nourishment for them in that food; giant children as they are, they laid it in on a great scale, and feast richly upon it. But it is gulped as yet greedily and unfastidiously; they are enraptured with performances that even a Covent Garden audience would have known how to reject. Indeed, these "Ring" performances in New York have strongly confirmed my opinion of the unique excellence as a whole of the Covent Garden performances in February. The difference is chiefly the difference between Richter and Mr. Hertz—a worthy, painstaking musician, well able to hold a performance together and keep it going, but nothing more. He has no idea of the proper tempi in the "Ring"; the introduction to "Rheingold" was taken so slowly that the multitude of wrong notes, the thick woolly tone of the tubas, and the scandalously wobbly and insecure playing of the horns had ample opportunities for telling. In "Walküre" Mr. Hertz similarly dragged all the slow parts and hurried all the quick parts; that splendid impassioned ending to the first act, which should be played with such agonised emphasis and agitation, resolved itself into a hurried scuttering of fiddles ended by two stupendous bangs on the brass and drums. Certainly they need a conductor of opera here. Toscanini, who conducted "Aida" and "Götterdämmerung", is obviously a young man of great talent and with a fine technique; yet he is an Italian, and for that reason probably cut off from complete success in Wagnerian opera.

The mounting is on the whole better than with us. The first act of "Rheingold" was done exactly as I have always held it should be done, and as it used to be done at Bayreuth: the Rhine depths very dim and dark, the Rhine daughters barely visible, but darting and diving down and shooting up to the surface with great sweeping movements, like real creatures who are at home in the water. They do their cloud-effects here rationally also, as I begged they should be done at Covent Garden; the mists rise, there are no sharp, serrated edges to the atmosphere, nor does the sky catch in the trees. The newspaper press, as with us, was loud in untruthful praise of the performances as a whole; "left nothing to be desired" was as frequent a cliché as with us, the truth being that opera as presented in the Metropolitan Opera House leaves much, very much, to be desired; and will probably so con-

tinue until some firm and sane hand be found to govern the unruly gang that runs it, and stifle the miserable little intrigues that undermine its personnel.

How different it was at Carnegie Hall (it is unhappily characteristic of America that serious orchestral music in New York must henceforth be associated with that comic name) when the Oratorio Society gave its performance of the "S. Matthew Passion". There, where simple American enthusiasm ruled, one had the very best of everything procurable; and, although we have far finer choirs than this in the North of England, yet I have never heard so fine a performance of Bach's greatest work. Mr. Frank Damrosch, a conductor of ungainly and exaggerated methods, but with an exquisite sense of tempo and of the vast architectural dignity of Bach's music, procured more from his chorus than they ought normally to be capable of; and the New York Symphony Orchestra played with a beautiful, refined string tone that is rare indeed in such music, and was in sharp contrast to the rough butchery which the Hallé or the London Symphony Orchestra usually metes out to Handel and Bach.

The music of the future will probably come from America. They have the ear; they are beginning to have the voices; they produce the pianists. One day, I doubt not, they will be composers too. I hope I shall be dead by then, for I am convinced that I should never appreciate their music—and it would be I that would be wrong. I say this now because it is what I sincerely believe, and because I may have to take it all back in a week or two; for I am going to a concert (in Mr. Carnegie's Hall—and the annoying thing is that it is a singularly good and quite beautiful hall) of American music—all written and performed by Americans, that is. If it is good, and I feel obliged to say so, I shall know that I am growing old and am out of tune with the rising generation. I hope it will not be good; but I shall write the truth about it.

THE DIGNITY OF LABOUR.

HE first attracted attention by the assiduity with which he bent—a very little way—to his work. Strolling along a country road, the observer sees many men at various jobs, and many unfortunately who seem to find no job to their hand. Even of those who are at work too many are half-hearted about it, quite content to attempt the minimum which will earn a night's repose. But here, at last, was a person who had found a job, was putting his back into it, and liked it.

He might have numbered some four summers. He was small for so advanced a period of life, but sturdy. He cannot, at all events, have been five, for had he reached that age he would have been back there in the infant school, chanting after the teacher at the top of his voice, doubtless with excellent educational results, but in the meantime a cacophonous nuisance to the passer-by. Over his monkey suit he wore a red blouse the waistband of which came about to the calves of his legs. And in his mouth was a wooden pipe, of the shape known to smokers as a bulldog, a full-grown pipe, looming ludicrously large in his little face. For the relief of the anti-tobacco people we hasten to state that the pipe was innocent of the noxious weed. It was plugged with a neat wad of paper, was evidently Daddy's Sunday pipe, rashly laid aside for the week where the young workman could reach it. Nor was he playing at smoking. Nothing, quite clearly, was further from his thoughts than play: for his work was no dilettante trifling, no amateur pastrycooking of mud. He was a smallholder, and was collecting manure for his holding. With a soap-box for wheelbarrow, and an old coal-scoop, he worked among the road-scrappings. Worked with a portentous solemnity. He cast one casual, absolutely unsmiling look at us, then bent to his task again. To see the mite calculate with his eye the dimensions of his heap, approach it from a carefully selected side, so as to scatter it as little as might be, still with an eye on his box that his spoils might lie in it evenly and fill it completely, was an agricultural education. The pipe was evidently

assumed as a sign of dignity. This was a grown-up job, to be so considered, and he had dressed for the part. He worked on, taking no notice of us, and we returned the compliment. Though sore tempted, we did not even proffer a penny, for we would not pauperise honest labour. We left him toiling gravely among the horse-droppings, a terra-cotta statuette of the Dignity of Work, a sight to make a road-hog pause.

But our heart was woe for our little friend when we had left him. For it is too certain what his fate will be. In a year at furthest the school will collect him, will spend ten painful years in drumming into his head that field work is degrading, that the pen is mightier than the ploughshare, that he will "better himself" if he learns his book and qualifies for an errand-boy's place in a town shop. The school will not mean to teach him any such silly untruths, but that is the lesson which the school, as at present conducted, does too often teach. When he has learnt the lesson and when he has reached an age at which handiwork has ceased to be attractive, they will turn him out knowing how to read and write and cipher, and quite ignorant how to earn a living. Too probably he will become a loafer, reading the football news and the halfpenny press in general, and carrying an occasional banner in an unemployed procession. His best chance is that in spite of his teaching, in spite of his having lost his taste for bodily work, he may have the sense to go back to it. *Natura recurret*—but why, in the name of common-sense, spend ten years in trying to expel her with a fork?

The mistake seems to be that which Johnson is said by Macaulay to have made: "He concluded, in defiance of the strongest and clearest evidence, that the human mind can be cultivated by books alone." Everyone, says the Board of Education, ought to be able to read and write. They do not tell us their premisses, but that is their conclusion. But ought not everyone to learn to do something with his hands? Is not that a part of education too? Years ago, in the hunting-field, an elderly gentleman was pointed out to us for admiration. He was a remarkably handsome old boy, but that was not the attraction. He was a J.P., had houses and horses and carriages. So had others. But he had been apprenticed to a plumber. His father had had a fad or a craze—that was what fools called it—that every man ought to have a handicraft. He sent his sons to Eton, but he also made each learn a craft. That any one of them was the worse for this discipline we never heard. The plumber son certainly could not be said to be the worse.

Now if such a discipline does a man no harm who, by birth, will probably always have two coats and everything handsome about him, a fortiori it can do no harm to the child of the proletariat. The argument that a boy will never rise to higher (i.e. different) station without books was very true once. A hundred years ago the labourer who could read and write did "better himself". But he could labour as well, did so while he painfully picked up his letters at a night school. But now, when only the half-witted and the supremely obstinate can escape learning, how will the school curriculum help a boy? Would it not be much more assistance to him to know how to thatch?

The ten years that the school steals from a boy's life are just those when he is most keen on "doing things", and least on books. Even book-born boys admire their fathers much more for being crack shots or good horsemen than for writing or speaking, write or speak they never so well. Sport, as was well said, is work undertaken voluntarily, for the pleasure of it. To a boy, an average boy, almost any work is sport, if you bring him to it in the right way.

It is some time now since the public schools (in the old exclusive sense of the word) discovered that boys must work with their bodies as well as their minds. They began with compulsory games; they are getting on now to carpentering and engineering workshops. Is it not nearly time that the working man's boy who will in all probability have to work with his hands should be permitted to learn how to do so?

Such a horrible revolutionary change "built in the eclipse and rigged with curses dark" will come too late

for our little friend in the red frock. It will take years, perhaps generations, to bring it about, and our poor little man will have been through the mill and must take his chance. But wouldn't it be as well to begin to think about such a change? Perhaps—if we began now—our descendants a hundred years hence might find some benefit from it.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SCOTTISH MOORLAND SHEEP-STOCKS AND "ACCLIMATISATION".

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Aberfeldy, Perthshire, 18 April 1909.

SIR,—If any corroboration of your unequivocal remarks on this strange subject be required, it will be found in the letter from "Scot", who writes to protest against them. "Arbiters", says he, "do not care to be hard on an outgoing neighbour. . . . They also . . . cannot help remembering that they themselves, within a few years, are probably to occupy the position of outgoing desiring the highest valuation obtainable."

There you have the loaded die set forth for sympathetic admiration. It is this that invariably settles the issue. The game is worked as follows. When a farm is about to fall vacant the stock of sheep has to be taken over by the incoming tenant or (in the event of there not yet being an incoming tenant) by the landlord. The value of the stock is to be determined by two arbiters, one representing the outgoing tenant and the other representing the incoming tenant or the landlord, or, in the event of their differing in opinion (as the lease says), "by an oversman mutually chosen". The outgoing tenant names his "arbiter". This is pretty sure to be one of a ring of practitioners (almost all of them tenant-farmers) well known throughout the country for their zeal in the matter of "high valuations". The incoming tenant or the landlord names the other arbiter. This is probably a man anxious to see justice done; but he is a mere dummy, a puppet in a solemn farce. Both sides know that the arbiters will differ. Therefore an oversman has to be chosen straightaway. Who is he to be? The outgoing tenant's arbiter names one of the small but potent ring. The arbiter on the other side—to simplify matters, let us say on the side of the landlord, on whom the trouble ultimately falls—names a man whose judgment will be unbiassed by the self-interest of the ring. "No," says the outgoing tenant's representative: "I object." (He is under no obligation to say why. His arbitrary objection disqualifies the nomination.) The landlord's representative names another man, a man from whom he expects fairplay. Again the outgoing tenant's representative objects, and the second nomination is disqualified. The process is repeated a third time; the representative of the outgoing tenant still "sitting tight". That exhausts the possibility of friendly negotiation. What is to be done? Either the landlord can go to the County Court and ask the Sheriff to appoint the oversman, or, in despair, he can agree to the nomination which has been made by the representative of the outgoing tenant. Would he be assured of justice by going to Court? Certainly not. The Judge could do no better than appoint as oversman someone who has had experience in the task of "valuation", and (so carefully has this business been gone about and worked up) there is no such man to be found apart from the ring, which, though studiously informal, is not less faithful to its purpose than the land-grabbing League in Ireland. The landlord therefore adopts the counsel of despair; he has no alternative. He submits to the judgment of the person whom the outgoing tenant's representative has nominated to be oversman, and has to take over the sheep at something like double their value.

"Scot" sophisticates the subject by his reference to what happens when it is a new tenant, instead of the landlord, who takes over the stock. "To attempt to represent the origin or increase of acclimatisation awards as a deeply laid plot for landlord spoliation is", he says, "absurd. It was purely an inter-tenant question until recent years, and if too liberal to one tenant—the out-

goer—it was at the expense of another—the incomer.” Your correspondent himself knows this argument to be a blind. A little later in his letter he says that “if a man was penalised on entry he reckoned upon being recouped on exit”, and that whenever the process of “valuation” has inflated the price of a stock the rise is “permanently established”. Although he begins his interesting enterprise by paying more for the flock than the flock is worth, the incoming tenant is in no need of our tears. He knows what he is about. When he quits the farm he will be refunded the bonus which he paid to his predecessor, and will in his turn have a bonus of his own—from the next tenant, or from the landlord if there is no new tenant immediately forthcoming. The landlord has always to pay in the end. Eventually he has to pay large sums for nothing at all—for no value received whatever. Any financier sufficiently unscrupulous would be delighted to find capital for any bubble on a system so assuredly safe. The percentages of profit must (if they are known about) be a matter of envy in the London bucket-shops. In the House of Lords not long ago Lord Carrington himself admitted that the unjust losses of the landowners from the system under discussion “are something appalling”.

The doctrine of “acclimatisation”, on which the amazing system founds itself, is (beyond the shilling or two shillings a head which in your article you admitted to be reasonable) a most shameless pretext. Let “Scot” himself bear witness. “As sheep were generally introduced into the Highlands a century ago, and the allowance for acclimatisation did not appear for fully sixty years later, it is obvious that few or none of those benefited by the bonus were the original acclimatisers and few their descendants. Therefore those reaping the benefit were not entitled to it, as I think all will admit.” That is to say, no part of the hundreds of thousands of pounds, probably millions, which have been produced out of nothing by the bonus system has been rightfully taken from the landlords. The vast sums have been wrongfully taken. The landlords have been robbed. Many of them have been ruined. Most of the remainder—practically all save those who have incomes apart from their estates—are in process of being robbed and ruined.

“Acclimatisation” indeed! A week before a Highland “valuation” on a large farm I have myself seen three hundred sheep which had been reared about a hundred miles away, in the lowlands, being driven to join the stock which was to be transferred—to add their touching mite (probably at least £1 a head beyond a liberal estimate of their market value) to the outgoing financier’s bonus—in respect of their “acclimatisation”!

If all this does not justify the language in which you criticised the system, we must undertake a reform of the dictionary, eliminating every uncompromising word, and live henceforth, with ineffable politeness, in a mental and moral haze.

Yours faithfully,
ANOTHER SCOT.

GEOGRAPHY IN HIGH PLACES.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Temple E.C. 13 April 1909.

SIR,—Our old headmaster at Harrow used to tell us in the Sixth Form, “Never say anything you *know* to be wrong”. I notice the Lord Advocate recently informed his audience at a large public meeting that Germany had a coastline of 170 miles. If he did not know this to be wrong he ought to have. Germany’s coastline is much nearer 1700 miles in length than 170. Upon this remarkable misstatement of fact he based the assertion that smuggling in Germany, despite its high tariffs, is practically impossible, whereas with us—after Tariff Reform—it will be going on all over the place. The spectacle of bold bad Smuggler Bills toiling up our cliffs and beaches with grand pianos and heavy motor-cars to avoid Mr. Chamberlain’s suggested ten per cent. duty does not seem to have appealed to his sense of humour. Let me remind him that to-day if one wants to

go a-smuggling it is easy to defraud the revenue without much risk and effort by bringing in a few pounds of saccharin in one’s pockets, the duty being 7d. an ounce. I say nothing of “running” tobacco and cigars, upon which anything up to 500 per cent. ad valorem is now being levied. But this is by the way; I will return to the geographical point. Mr. Lloyd George excited merry laughter the other day among his supporters in the House of Commons by suggesting that the only person likely to benefit by a small preferential duty on corn was the farmer of “Saskatchewan”. It is quaint to find the elect of Pwllheli and Llanaelhaiarh making cheap fun of the sonorous Indian name of a great province of Canada. I wonder if he is aware that, in addition to its wonderful stock-raising possibilities, Saskatchewan possesses a wheatfield more than twelve times the size of gallant little Wales, and is capable by itself, with very slight encouragement from us, of supplying most of the grain we require. Probably not; otherwise his happy wit would have found play in a different quarter. The lack of knowledge of the elementary facts of geography is remarkable among all classes in this country. Having regard to our world-wide interests and our dependence upon supplies from overseas, it would be well if it could be remedied without delay.

Your obedient servant,
S. KING FARLOW F.R.G.S.

HOW THE LAITY CAME TO LEAVE MAYNOOTH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

East Budleigh, 19 April 1909.

SIR,—In his letter of 17 April “Pat” states as follows: “The State endowment of Maynooth was started under specific obligation to educate laymen, but the bishops turned out the laymen and stuck to the money. Such a statutory obligation could only be evaded by statutory provision; hence the ‘Order in Council’ which legalised the crime of misappropriation and which brings the Irish bishops and the British Government alike under the indictment.”

If “Pat” will turn to the original Maynooth Act passed by the Irish Parliament in 1795 he will find that right there the Irish members themselves, assembled in Parliament in Dublin, gave away the whole case for the laity, for they gave the ecclesiastics a majority on the governing body and made that body self-perpetuating. The bishops were therefore bound to get control of the whole machinery sooner or later.

Section 3 of the Act gave the governing body or any seven of them power to make rules, regulations and statutes for the government of said academy. Section 4 provides that “All such bye-laws, rules, regulations and statutes not affecting the Popish or Roman Catholic religion be laid before the Lord Lieutenant and shall be binding unless he disapprove of them within a month”. These two sections clearly paved the way for the exclusion of the laity. Maynooth was founded for the education of persons professing the Roman Catholic religion, and the ecclesiastics in control of the governing body soon realised that clerical students as well as laymen were persons, and that by filling the seminary with clerical students there would be no room left for lay students.

Sections 10 and 11 of the Act provided that any sum or sums of money not exceeding £8000 shall and may be issued and paid by the Commissioners of his Majesty’s Treasury towards establishing said academy, and that the money be paid to the trustees (governing body) or to any seven or more of them.

Maynooth received this grant of £8000 in 1795, and in the next three years the Irish Parliament voted additional grants amounting to £27,000. There may be a distinction between a parliamentary grant and a fixed endowment, but the fact remains that the Irish Parliament voted these grants each year, and it is therefore not incorrect to say that the State endowment of Maynooth was started by the Irish Parliament.

The word “layman” is not mentioned in the

original Charter, but only the word "persons", which may be read to mean either all lay students, all clerical students, or a mixture of both.

In short, the Irish Parliament passed the original Maynooth Act in such a form that it was almost impossible for the British Government to oppose the future claims of the bishops, and it became more difficult to oppose them in the Parliament of the United Kingdom, to which clerical nominees were sent to represent Ireland and pull the clerical strings. The indictment of the British Government by "Pat" on this question is therefore, I think, undeserved.

Yours faithfully,

T. EDWARDS.

CHRISTIANITY IN ITALY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

12 April 1909.

SIR,—“Traveller”, in his articles on “Christianity in Italy”, has given us a pitiable picture; a picture, too, which in many ways is terribly significant. For, looking at it in all its details, with an unbiassed and wondering gaze, one questions what Christianity must really mean to the Italian. For the picture leaves the impression that Christianity is unexpected to survive in Italy without easy conditions, without the elimination of the Freemason and the socialist. Nothing is said of the growth of these latter from Catholic soil itself; the reader is left to infer that they are a foreign importation, and no natural growth at all. Nothing is said of the woful lack of manliness, independence and scorn of consequences upon the part of the individual Catholic in facing such untoward conditions. Nay, we are called upon, as always to-day, to pity the individual and to excuse his defects because of his environment. We are losing sight of the fact that it is the prerogative of the Christian to overcome difficulties, to triumph over persecution, and to suffer the loss of all things rather than deny his faith. Poverty, persecution, slander and the like were the very means by which Christianity came into existence. Why, then, lament the prevalence of such conditions to-day? If Christianity cannot overcome them so much the worse for Christianity, that is Italian Christianity.

Let us be candid, however, and admit with the Modernists that Vatican Absolutism has defeated itself, that its inevitable dénouement is to be seen in the disease, the symptoms of which have already manifested themselves in France and Italy and are slowly but inevitably appearing in Spain and Portugal. As an Ultramontane ten years ago I should have laughed at the idea; but really the logic of events is too strong. Policies and institutions when carried to an extreme issue, as history has persistently told us, into their contraries. Vatican Absolutism, instead of maintaining, undermines the faith of men. In calling upon the individual to die to himself for the sake of union it forgets that it itself should die to itself for the sake of the individual. Absolute authority, as well as absolute individualism, involves its own contradiction. It deprives the individual of all personal responsibility, and so fails him in time of stress and trouble.

The loss of the Latins, however, will be the gain of the Teutons. But what the latter will make of the reversal remains to be seen. Will Catholic England, Germany and America remain content with an absolute Pope? Or will Döllinger after all be acknowledged the Athanasius of modern times?

Yours &c.,

JUVENIS LAICUS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

55 Stanton Street, Clayton, Manchester,
21 April 1909.

SIR,—May I express my appreciation of the interesting articles—especially the concluding one—on “Christianity in Italy”? They suggest many questions in one’s mind. To name one. If it be true, as your able correspondent states, that “there is nothing

in the writings of Signor Fogazzaro that is the least Modernist, that is contrary to the doctrines of the Church, but he undoubtedly represents a very large number of well-educated and intellectual Italian Catholics who wish to see reasonable disciplinary reforms amongst the clergy and a larger share of responsible work allowed to the laity”, why was “Il Santo” placed on the Index?

Yours &c.,

F. RUSSELL.

ECONOMIC NUTRITION: HALVING OUR FOOD BILLS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 Fairlawn Park, Chiswick, W.,
20 April 1909.

SIR,—As the rise in the price of bread is a very serious matter to millions of our people, it is time to remind them that science has already shown us how we may halve our food bills, increase our mental and physical efficiency, and gain more pleasure from life.

It was left to a layman to prove that the authorities were at sea as to the right quantity of food needed to produce the best results. His discoveries have since been verified by exhaustive experiments by scientific men who are giving us, for the first time, a science of Right Nutrition. Edison, whose powers of work make the ordinary “working man” a comparative idler, gives the keynote when he says of America, “The country is food-drunk!” When working his hardest he takes twelve ounces of food a day. The exhaustive experiments of Professors Chittenden and Fisher, and of many medical men, show that he is right, and that the minimum is the optimum. Professor Chittenden took a number of brain workers, a squad of soldiers, and a batch of trained athletes, gradually reduced their food to little more than one-third of the usual quantity, and kept them on it for months. The results were surprising, and mental and physical efficiency were greatly increased; the athletes were improved from 20 to 100 per cent. The most significant and amazing results can only be described in medical works. This system of “Dietetic righteousness” is spreading rapidly in America and on the Continent, and is bringing, as Professor William James says, an economic revolution of incalculable importance.

The principles of this anti-fad system can be put in a nutshell. One doctor puts it in a sentence, “Eat less, but eat it more!” Eat little more than one-third of the usual quantity of proteid—that is, meat, and the albuminous or waste-repairing foods. The heat-producing or fuel foods should vary with the temperature, from the rice of the Oriental to the oils and fats of the Eskimo. In general the quantity should be about one-half of that usually taken; the essentials are a Gladstonian thoroughness of mastication, and variety; the healthy appetite being the truest guide as to the body’s real needs. It matters little what we eat so long as we eat it rightly; that is slowly, and when we have a true, not a habit-appetite; the *earned* appetite being the ideal. This rational and scientific system gives a new joy of life; a sense of exhilaration and of well-being; a mental and physical alertness that comes as a revelation to the ordinary eater. It costs absolutely nothing, makes a great saving in food and doctors’ bills, as it gives practical immunity from many of the worst doctor-baffling diseases.

The philanthropist who has discovered these inestimable boons, Mr. Horace Fletcher, has left his sumptuous palace in Venice to live in New York slums, that he may offer his priceless teaching at first hand to those most needing it. In view of the increasing cost of food our own need is even greater; let all try it, then John Bull will awake spontaneously, and find his food costing him less.

Yours faithfully,

E. WAKE COOK.

THE ETHICS OF CONSCRIPTION.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

House of Commons, 17 March 1909.

SIR,—In your issue of March 13 in an article headed "The Certainty of Conscription" you say: "Mr. Harold Cox thinks it is patriotism enough if he pays others to fight for him". I do not know the age of the writer of this article, but I think I may safely assume that a leader-writer on the SATURDAY REVIEW has passed the age at which young men are to be compulsorily trained according to the programme of the National Service League. Consequently he would not himself be liable to the compulsion which he suggests for others. The difference between us therefore amounts to this—that he wishes to compel other men to do his fighting, while I wish to pay them for doing mine. Doubtless it will be pleasant to your leader-writer to look on while younger men are compelled to serve in the Army for inadequate pay so as to reduce the taxation which he would otherwise have to bear. Personally I prefer to contribute my full share of whatever sum may be required adequately to remunerate the necessary number of soldiers and sailors, this being the only way in which I can effectively help to defend my country.

Yours faithfully,

HAROLD COX.

[Mr. Cox' letter was unfortunately mislaid at the time when we received it. His counter is neat; but will he deny the right to vote for an increase in income tax to all who would not have to pay it? We note his admission that conscription will mean a reduction in the army estimates.—ED. S.R.]

SWINBURNE'S USE OF BOUTS-RIMÉS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—In none of the many appreciations which have appeared on Swinburne's work have I seen any reference to one of his most extraordinary tours de force in the writing of lines to fit particular rhymes. If anyone will examine the first two pages of the Prelude to "Tristram of Lyonesse", beginning—

"Love, that is first and last of all things made,
The light that has the living world for shade",

and will compare them line for line with the first two pages of "The Sailing of the Swan", which is the ninth section of the same poem, he will find the same identical rhymes used for forty-four consecutive lines of each.

Again, the sixth section, "Joyous Gard", begins with ten lines that have the same rhyme-endings, identically, with the ten lines of the opening of the eighth section, "The Last Pilgrimage".

In the former case of the forty-four splendid and strenuous lines, addressed in the Prelude to Love, and the equally splendid forty-four in "The Sailing of the Swan", addressed to Fate, one is naturally tempted to ask, Which series was written first? One of them must have been the primary passage, and the other must have been an afterthought, utilising the same bouts-rimés. But which? Neither of them reads like a forced composition; each has an equal poise and swing.

It was probably also by deliberate intention of design that the last line of the Prelude and that of "The Sailing of the Swan" end each with the word "sea". One remembers that each of the three parts of the "Divina Commedia" is rounded up with rhymes that focus to the final word "stelle".

I am yours &c.,

SILVANUS P. THOMPSON.

REVIEWS.

A PRIG IN CLOVER.

"An Incompleat Etonian." By Frank Danby. London: Heinemann. 1909. 6s.

FRANK DANBY'S latest venture is a very depressing book. It is built about a subject which gives no scope for her many admirable gifts as a writer, especially for that light-handed realism which distils the living odour from reality without leaving the reader too painfully conscious of its waste products. The "Etonian" deals almost entirely in waste products. (A finer sensibility would have kept her from making him a Rendall, a famous public-school name, but not Etonian.) The hero treads his way clear of them in the end, but his progress, knee-deep in wasted life, from cover to cover, is a most unexhilarating affair. His father, a quiet, carefully drawn portrait of somewhat stupid unselfishness, struggles from the start with a cough and a too humble temperament, and succumbs halfway through to a diseased heart. His aunt, who, forsaken by her husband, becomes Lord Saughton's mistress, is a permanently uninteresting invalid, whose mental or physical attraction for the politician remains unexplained. One of his uncles is crushed to death by a motor omnibus, and the other goes mad on hearing of the accident. Petrol indeed serves even more than its usual catastrophic turn in romances, since the hero's best friend, when eloping with his wife, is killed in a motor-car smash, and the wife, who had an idiot sister and was herself only just intellectually competent, was fatally injured in the accident. Thus an atmosphere of the consulting-room pervades the book, for which mentally or morally there are no compensations. The hero himself is a prig, and as a prig is quite courageously treated, and the best tribute to Frank Danby's talent is the fact that one can read his story, however reluctantly, to the end. He comes quite honestly by his quality, because his mother is his feminine and much more trying equivalent. She is an epigrammatic novelist, and even the titles of her books are an irritation, which was perhaps shared by a public which declined to consider "Between the Nisi and the Absolute" as one of her successes.

"An Incompleat Etonian" is dreary from an absence of effective charm in any one of its characters: they have not even charm enough, especially in the case of the women, to make their successes credible. Stella enslaves a distinguished politician, Vanessa a hard-headed newspaper millionaire, Hilda de Cliffe, apparently, whom she pleases. Yet it is on headaches, conceit, and morphia that their conquests seem to be founded. Indeed, doubtless without intention, the atmosphere of the book is stifling and unpleasant. It represents what is so often the effect of a great city on the feminine creative brain, and diffuses a sense of suppressed ventilation, moral, physical, and intellectual, of an air which, even when it is not miasmatic, has lost all its vitality. It is a pity, because Frank Danby has real power—manifest even here in her uncompromising treatment of unpromising material—and can make a story convincing when well served by a theme. But her strength does not lie in so diffused a realism. The reality which suits her is concentrated in a passion or a situation, with romantic relief. The wider field too easily lures her facility for ironical portraiture to spread itself out. She does it quite well, but without the constraining restriction of a compelling theme she overdoes it, and spoils thereby the rhythm of her story. If she has not since done anything quite so vital as "Pigs in Clover" she has acquired a firmer control of her art, and ought to be able to make it serve her better than in her latest venture.

Frank Danby might, moreover, take more pains both in writing and revising. Some of her sentences are unintelligible, and others, mere statements of fact, are not infrequently repeated on the same page.

HISTORICAL CONVERSATIONS.

"Glimpses of the 'Twenties." By William Toynbee.
London: Constable. 1909. 12s. 6d. net.

THE word used by the French for a series of essays, short and necessarily superficial, on historical or literary subjects is "causeries"; and it is a better word than our "essays", which is associated with the more elaborate writings of Hume and Macaulay. Mr. William Toynbee's "Glimpses of The 'Twenties" are just causeries" about the reign of George IV. They are pleasant, informative, occasionally brilliant conversations about a very interesting period, seasoned with scandal, and with spite against certain individuals, to which we do not object, for we like a good hater. Mr. Toynbee detests Brougham, and is not fair to him in the two chapters relating to Queen Caroline's trial. Granted that Brougham was self-seeking, unscrupulous, loud-mouthed, and that he used the king's terrible wife as an instrument for his own advancement. Of what political lawyer have not similar things been said with equal justice? Brougham's faults ruined his career almost at its outset; but it should be remembered that he reformed the Poor Law of Elizabeth, that he cheapened and simplified the administration of justice, that he started the movement towards popular education, and that, except Wilberforce, he did more than anyone else in Parliament to abolish the slave trade. Much should be forgiven to the founder of the County Courts, of the Social Science Congress and the Mechanics' Institutes at Liverpool and Manchester; and to the orator who delivered some of the finest speeches in the language against the traffic in human beings. To Canning Mr. Toynbee is partial, but not unduly so. He quotes in full that wonderful letter which Canning wrote to his friend Sturges, giving an account of his first interview with Pitt. Here was the proudest of Prime Ministers receiving a youth of twenty-two, hot from Christ Church with a reputation for making verses, and offering him, with courteous expressions, a seat in Parliament free of expense! And here was our cheeky undergraduate bargaining with Pitt—think of it!—that he was not to be bound to support either the Government or the patron of his borough, except when his conscience allowed him to do so! Imagine Mr. Balfour or Mr. Asquith sending for some young Balliol or Trinity man, who had won a prize poem, and bowing low before him, begging him to accept a safe seat free of expense. We know now why the last half of the eighteenth and the first third of the nineteenth centuries were the Augustan age of British eloquence. Mr. Toynbee gives us a juster appreciation of Lord Castlereagh than is usual in chroniclers of these times—with whom he is either god or devil—and the account of the awful tragedy of his death is more explicit than we remember to have read elsewhere; though, of course, the facts have been well known for a long time. Mr. Toynbee's estimate of the second Lord Liverpool, known to his contemporaries at Christ Church as "Jenky," is fair and sound. Brilliant Lord Liverpool certainly was not; but no man could be Prime Minister of England for fourteen years, even before the Reform Bill, without possessing some rare and valuable qualities of leadership. There is nothing to be made out of George the Fourth's affairs with women at this time of day, nor does the present generation care much whether his relations with Lady Hertford were platonic or not. Mrs. Fitzherbert and Lady Conyngham have been worked for all they are worth. But Mr. Toynbee's description of the rise of the "erotic intermediary," MacMahon, from boot-boy to baronet and privy councillor, is distinctly amusing, though libellous—if the dead can be libelled. The fault we have to find with this book, as with most books of its kind, is that it is carelessly written. Mr. Toynbee quotes, incorrectly, some lines from Shelley as from "Swellfoot the Tyrant," whereas they are the first lines of "England in 1819." He cannot even give Rogers' very well-known epigram on Lord Dudley, "Ward has no heart, men say, but I deny it," quite correctly. This

simply means that Mr. Toynbee did not take the trouble to check his quotations by turning them up. This slovenliness is the infallible mark of the book-maker, who may be all the same, and in this case is, very good company by the way.

'APPY AVEBURY.

"Peace and Happiness." By Lord Avebury. London: Macmillan. 1909. 6s.

IS there any living man besides Lord Avebury who would have the effrontery to write, or rather to get published, a book on "Peace and Happiness"? In the chapter on Riches, this prosperous and ennobled banker expresses the opinion that undue importance is attached to wealth; that for two-thirds of his life the rich and powerful has no advantage over the poor man, and for the other third the case is, to say the least, doubtful. This, of course, is cant, just as much cant as Mr. Carnegie's depreciation of wealth. Indeed, Lord Avebury convicts himself, for he says: "The most important things in the world are good air, good water, good food, good health, and a good conscience; the millionaire can have no more of these than an artisan." Good water an artisan can generally get, and a good conscience he can do without. But good air and good food—and consequently good health—are just what he cannot get, as Lord Avebury ought to know. But very characteristically, in the chapter on Education, Lord Avebury says: "No one knows anything thoroughly." Of the author himself, that proposition is quite true, for if Lord Avebury knew anything about finance he would know a little about everything. This book tells us that if we would be happy, we must be good; and, more definitely, that we must not eat too much, we must take plenty of exercise, and we must not worry about business. We fancy that we have heard these things before from parsons, doctors, and philosophers, and that Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Seneca, Shakespeare, Pope, Pascal, and a few others of that calibre have said them in various ways. In truth, Lord Avebury's very novel and original observations on life are enforced by quotations as new and recondite, e.g. "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown", "labor omnia vincit". When we add that the French and Latin quotations (though most of them are household words) are translated in the footnotes, our readers will perceive that this volume has been pieced together out of Lord Avebury's note-books, for the benefit of the rate-provided libraries, whose frequenters have an insatiable appetite for platitudes, and are not very familiar with the best things that have been said.

A DISSERVICE TO STUBBS.

"Germany in the Later Middle Ages: 1200-1500." By W. Stubbs. Edited by A. Hassall. London: Longmans. 1908. 7s. 6d.

THE posthumous publication of lectures is always of very questionable wisdom. It seems to us that the editor of this book ventures on a most audacious hypothesis when he asserts, in an enthusiastic prefatory note, that "it may confidently be assumed that the appearance of this volume will be received with immense pleasure by all students of the history of Europe in the Middle Ages". At any rate, there is really no justification for the claim that the lectures "will enable the historical student to follow and to comprehend the peculiar and exceptional developments which took place in the Holy Roman Empire". The lectures will not enable the student to do anything of the sort; nor could Bishop Stubbs have intended them to do so. They are lectures delivered to students of the Honour School of Modern History who have read their Milman and are familiar with the period. They aim at bringing out salient points and at suggesting a few lines of criticism; but they do not pretend to be a general introduction to the study of the later mediæval empire. On the contrary, they presuppose

very considerable knowledge of the times with which they deal and on which they supply a running commentary, which notes, but does not attempt to solve, really grave difficulties, such as the origin of the Electors or the rules determining the composition of the College of Princes. It is clear that the publication, after twenty-six years, of this material is hardly likely to add to the reputation of the great authority on the constitutional history of England. Moreover, if a work of this kind was to be published at all, it would require very careful editing. It is easy to see that the Professor wrote with an eye to the authorities used by his pupils, and the editor's business was surely to discover what writer the Professor had in mind in any particular paragraph and to append the reference. This business Mr. Hassall has completely neglected, and the result is sometimes most aggravating. Take for example the following passage, wherein Stubbs dismisses any discussion of the state of Italy in the time of Charles IV.: "Whoever wishes to understand it, and much besides that is interesting in the condition of Rome, must read it in Gregorovius, or, more easily, in Milman, who has devoted to it, *con amore*, one of the most charming chapters of his book, writing from materials undiscovered when Gibbon made out of the same one of the most charming chapters of his". The expert does not require to be told this; the student wants the references, but looks for them in vain. Indeed, it is difficult to see what Mr. Hassall has done beyond supplying an index, putting in a few dates, and adding a solitary footnote. It is difficult to believe that he has even read the book. At any rate, he has left a sentence without a necessary main verb at the bottom of page 3, and another without meaning at the bottom of page 235.

Nevertheless, due weight being given these drawbacks, there is still something to be got out of the book. It throws a little light on Stubbs' general attitude to history. Apparently he did not much care for the period. "We pass", he writes, "from the golden age at once to the copper and brass and iron age; we lose our last glimpse of the heroes with Frederick Barbarossa, the old knight-errant, riding away into the land of paynim giants and monsters, or appearing, to their mutual wonder, to the lost shepherd among the caves of the Hartz and Salsburg mountains, never alas! to return." As he advances he is shocked by political assassinations and a thirst for blood, and he is loth to dwell on the degradation to which chivalry is subjected. The brutality of the Hussite war moves him to an outburst. "I doubt", he writes, "if there ever were a really religious war fought by sincere men only." But in his judgments of men he reveals that largeness of mind and tolerance of view which is the mark of historians of the highest rank. "He was very far from being a great prince", is his verdict on Frederick III., "but not so far from being a good one; and might no doubt have been much greater if he had been less good. But in the Middle Ages good princes are too scarce to be worthy of ridicule and contempt; and honesty and integrity are not the less virtues when they are possessed by a man too weak to struggle, but not too weak to lie and cheat if he had chosen." Some light, too, is thrown upon Stubbs' methods. The summary of the Golden Bull followed by comments in the next paragraph suggests the way in which he wrote the parallel chapters of his constitutional history. But the most striking passages of the book are those in which the writer shows himself the Platonic spectator of all time and all existence, as when he notes that the different degree in which feudalism set its grip on France and Germany is reflected in the state of those countries to-day; or when he compares the respective results of an interdict in England, France, and Germany; or when he refers to the permanent effect in the Empire of the Slavonic element introduced by Charles IV.; or when he illustrates the unity of feeling among all German-speaking peoples by the present Emperor Francis Joseph's selection of the Saxon Minister, Count Beust, to be his Chancellor. For such illuminating touches as these the historians' world will be grateful.

AN "ANCIENT MARINER".

"Reminiscences of an Old Sportsman." By W. B. Woodgate. London: Nash. 1909. 15s. net.

BROADLY speaking there are two things which make an autobiography worth reading—the personality of the writer, the intrinsic interest of what he has to tell. We may be willing to be informed of the smallest incidents in the life of a man of eminence; we require more substantial matter from a man of less note. Though Mr. Woodgate is a celebrity in the world of sport and both there and in other quarters is regarded as something of a personality, he is hardly an eminent personage. His book therefore must be judged chiefly on the importance of its contents, and it must be admitted that it contains much that has no general interest. Even those who know him best will feel that many of the incidents and anecdotes were not worth recording; especially his childish experiences. As a man grows old it is natural that the memories of his youth should be dear to him; but if he wishes to shape them for the public eye he should make some effort to select, and at least omit trivialities. Absence of selection and a want of systematic arrangement are the chief faults of the book. Much that is told, on the other hand, is well worthy of record. The chapters devoted to Oxford life in the early 'sixties of last century contain a great deal that is interesting. The story of the founding of Oxford's chief social club, "Vincent's", for instance, gives information which, as far as we know, has not been given elsewhere. Mr. Woodgate was the founder of the club, and those whom he originally invited to join him numbered thirty-nine. The first ballot for the election of members was amusing. A certain Magdalen man, first on the list of candidates, having been blackballed, the Magdalen men present combined to blackball every other name on the list. A way was ultimately found out of this dilemma, but the episode is probably unique in club history. Mr. Woodgate, even in his Oxford days, was more than a mere sportsman: he was a young man of many interests and considerable mental attainments. As an undergraduate he wrote sermons, one a week for a period of two years, which he sold at a guinea apiece to a clergyman in the Midlands. In the story of his Oxford life he has much to tell of the escapades of young Oxonians who are now dignitaries of Church or State. He writes quite unrestrainedly of such matters. There is no harm in this, perhaps, as these youthful peccadilloes of various gentlemen, now reverend, judicial, or magisterial, were not of a very serious order, but the same cannot be said of certain adverse criticisms which the book contains. In his remarks on a distinguished present-day politician in particular he would have done well to restrain himself.

Naturally Mr. Woodgate has many interesting experiences of sport. In 1865, in the middle of "the Eights" at Oxford, he stepped untrained into the B.N.C. boat, which forthwith went "head of the river". On one occasion he boxed in public with Tom Sayers. On another he walked for a wager, after dinner, in evening clothes, from London to Oxford, and then sculled to Nuneham and back—a remarkable feat of endurance. For another wager he consumed two pots of jam and ran nine miles up and down a school corridor within an hour. Of rowing he has comparatively little to say, presumably because he has written so much on the subject elsewhere. Mr. F. S. Kelly he considers the fastest of amateur scullers, Mr. Guy Nickalls the finest all-round oarsman of his own or any other time.

In spite of its title, much of the book is not concerned with sport at all. Mr. Woodgate is a man of theories on many and diverse subjects. One thesis he propounds is that James I. of England was a changeling, really a son of the Earl of Mar of the day. It is an interesting speculation and well argued. There are many other excursions of the kind. Mr. Woodgate has views on the problem of a comet's tail, on the increased size and weight of the youth of to-day, on the bacillus of hydrophobia; while by no means the least interesting chapters are those on the career of his brother, General Sir

Edward Woodgate K.C.M.G., who fell at the storming of Spion Kop. On the whole, notwithstanding its diffuseness, the book is worth reading.

A DICTIONARY OF THE CHURCH OF ROME.

"The Catholic Encyclopædia." Vol. IV. London: Caxton Publishing Co. 1909. 27s. 6d. net.

THE fourth volume of "The Catholic Encyclopædia" ("Clandestine" to "Diocesan") treads closely upon the heels of its three predecessors. In general characteristics it departs in no important particular from the scheme indicated in our previous review. There is a great deal of information given which is likely to be of service to all who are interested in the beliefs, organisation and standpoint of the Roman Church to-day. The contributors are for the most part the same, though we fancy that there is a slight increase in the number of articles written by foreign scholars and presumably translated in the form in which we read them here. Further, the same large interpretation prevails of the matters which, as being specially of "Catholic" interest, claim to find a place in the Encyclopædia. We may confess that the number of small biographies seems to us excessive. When, for example, we come across more than half a column devoted to Maria Cosway, the wife of Cosway the miniature painter, and herself a miniaturist of very second-rate talent, and when we note that about the same amount of space is devoted to SS. Cyril and Methodius, the apostles of the Slavonic race, while, on the other hand, the great religious reformer and philanthropist, J. B. Cottolengo, is not mentioned at all, one cannot help wondering what principle is followed by the editors in their inclusion or rejection of such subjects.

The best articles in the volume seem to be geographical and historical. That on the "Congo", by Father Arthur Vermeersch, a Belgian, is good and likely to be much referred to, though in view of the present interest of the subject it might with advantage have been considerably longer. There is an excellent coloured map indicating clearly the ecclesiastical organisation and the boundaries of the various vicariates and prefectures in Central and Southern Africa. Similar maps are given with the articles "Colombia", "Cuba" and "Denmark", while four smaller charts illustrate the article "Crusade", itself an excellent piece of condensation by Professor Bréhier. Mr. Edmund G. Gardner has supplied an admirable sketch of "Dante" and his work, and the reproduction in colours of the Bargello portrait attributed to Giotto leaves nothing to be desired.

Amongst the satisfactory contributions we may mention those on "Clement of Rome", "Conclave", "Constantinople" (history and liturgy) and "Cross". On the other hand, some of the more strictly ecclesiastical articles do not seem to us to be quite up to the level of the rest. That on "Communion under both kinds", for example, is particularly feeble. Not a word is said of the projects for restoring the cup to the laity at the Reformation period, next to nothing of the Greek Church or of the practice of Anglicans and Lutherans, while the bibliography does not mention a single book which is representative of any school of opinion adverse to that of the writer. The article in fact reflects the tone and the scholarship of the eighteenth century rather than that of the twentieth. On the whole, the bibliographies are by no means a strong point in this instalment of "The Catholic Encyclopædia". Under the heading of "Common Life, Brethren of the" it is ludicrous to find only two authorities indicated, one of them being a Dutch book published in 1830 and the other Mr. Kettlewell's well-known but superficial volume. Of more serious import is a piece of misleading information given at the foot of the article "Councils". "Unfortunately," says the writer, "it [i.e. Mansi's great collection] only comes down to the fifteenth century, and, being unfinished, has no indexes. To fill this gap, Welter, a Paris publisher, took up (1900) the new collection proposed by V. Palmé. To a facsimile reprint of the thirty-one volumes of Mansi he added nineteen supple-

mentary volumes, furnishing the necessary indexes etc." No one could fail to infer that the furnishing of these indexes was a fact, but unfortunately it is not. We venture to call this a serious misstatement, for any scholar who has for years been pining for something in the nature of a general index to the Councils will probably, on coming across this explicit utterance, put himself to some trouble, as we ourselves have done, to obtain further particulars. But he will only discover that up to this the supposed index has no more satisfactory foundation in fact than the good intentions of the publishers.

Finally, we may record our impression that the Encyclopædia as it advances seems to show traces of a regrettable increase of timidity in the face of critical problems. We are not now speaking only of biblical questions; but we note that upon such matters as the authenticity of relics (see, for example, the articles "Crib" and "Compostella") and certain moot points of history the editors seem increasingly anxious to avoid everything which could in any way cause a shock to the pious faith of the devout. We do not know whether we should assign to this cause the strange reticence observed in the article "Columbus" upon the much-debated question of the illegitimacy of the explorer's son Fernando. But seeing that the Encyclopædia is of American origin and the article in question is contributed by an American scholar of note, it is a curiously careless production. Apart from the statement that the explorer sailed to Iceland in 1467, presumably a misprint for 1476, we find that La Rabida is twice called a convent of Dominicans, instead of Franciscans; Father Buil is styled a Benedictine, when he was in fact a Minim; the criticisms of M. H. Vignaud regarding the Admiral's early life are passed over in silence; whilst, strangest of all, there is no mention in the bibliography of the great Genoese collection of documents, the "Raccolta Colombiana", which must form the foundation of every future study of Columbus' career.

ZULEIKA.

"Girl Life in the Harem." By Annie Reichardt. London: Ouseley. 1909.

THE harem is the mystery of Oriental life. It is a mystery sedulously ignored and carefully concealed by Moslem society itself, and yet its presence is constantly guessed at and its influence is perpetually felt in all sorts of stealthy and elusive ways. The lattices of impenetrable woodwork which, like blind eyes, overlook the public thoroughfares, a glimpse of some noiseless white figure stealing at sundown on to a terraced roof and popping back, like a mere-cat into its burrow, at the suspicion of observation, a heavily curtained litter with its negro escort and, behind shaken blinds, a pair of dark eyes peeping out through a slit in a veil with any expression you choose to imagine in them—such are a few of the latent hints and innuendoes which from time to time suggest to a stranger the presence of this mystery, and by the very stealth and secrecy of their suggestions more effectually stimulate his interest and curiosity.

Where little is known much can be imagined. These covert allusions to hidden passion have been seized on by the romance-writers of all nations, and naturally the romance-writers, heightening every romantic situation, have given a representation of this side of Arab life which, however thrilling, is but distantly related to the facts. As before the chilling advance of intellectualism the romantic element began to fade out of Western life, men's fancies turned for freer scope to a land in which so much in the way of sentiment seemed still possible, to a land where women might be anything they chose—slaves, playthings, tyrants, angels, devils—but where at any rate they were still women. This phase of literature, however, did not last. Intellectualism, which has hunted the imagination out of so many pleasant places, hunted it in due time out of this. Arriving at its own slow, inexorable pace among the magic moonlit courts and orange gardens of Araby, it

proceeded to apply the standard of the only happiness it knew of, the wild happiness that springs from the application of exact ideas to life. The verdict was a foregone conclusion. Poor Zuleika had about as much chance as a Radical Bill in the House of Lords. She was, as intellectualism with a lick of the lips proceeded to point out, a stupid, illiterate creature, without two ideas in her head, the dull plaything of animal passion, degraded alike in her instincts and in her influence, whose only hope of salvation lay in her being rescued by her emancipated European sisters through the various societies and missions to be forthwith instituted for the purpose.

On this subject of life in the harem Miss Annie Reichardt has lately written a book remarkable for its exact and detailed knowledge. Her information is drawn, one gathers, from a close acquaintance with the harem life of Damascus, and certainly she paints a very pathetic and gloomy picture of it. That Miss Reichardt knows what she is writing about in the sense that her facts are obviously correct is unquestionable, but her interpretation of the facts is open to a certain doubt, because she accepts the European standpoint, without subjecting it to any scrutiny on its own account, as absolute and final, and will not even contemplate the abstract possibility of there being any other point of view possible. Life in the East is emotional, life in the West is intellectual. The difference is profound and runs through all the existence of East and West. The emotional race evolves a whole system of manners and customs which fit, and are the expression of, its own temperament. Naturally to an intellectual race, which has evolved its manners and customs out of another side of character, the Eastern system appears repulsive enough, though not more repulsive perhaps than the Western system appears to the East. In the eyes of an Oriental it may be as horrid that women should be pitchforked into the struggle for existence to learn at the hands of sweaters and other taskmasters the bitter lesson of their own low economic value, as it is horrid in our eyes that they should be mewed up in a harem. But that is not really the point. Perhaps the Eastern point of view is entirely wrong and the Western entirely right. Still the thing to remember is that, right or wrong, the East has a point of view. It is illogical to tear an institution like the harem out of its context and judge it as if it were some accidental and irrelevant phenomenon. It is really part of a more or less consistent interpretation of life. Count Sternberg in his book on Morocco remarks that "if a social custom laid down by their religion has persisted among the three hundred million Mussulmans for so long, we should be cautious how we visit it with our condemnation". That is very well said. Institutions of such gradual and extended growth have uses and fulfil functions which it is impossible to judge offhand. They are inextricably bound up with the life out of which they have emerged. And as they cannot be judged singly, so they cannot be altered singly. The chief argument always brought against the harem arrangement is that it implies absolute intellectual stagnation. Has the reader ever watched the Arab merchants squatting in their little holes of shops in some dim bazaar passing perpetually their beads through their slim fingers, gazing on vacancy, and droning by the hour their low monotonous chants? How much of intellectual culture and activity are apparent here? The harem, it is said, kills intellect. It would be truer to say that it was evolved by a non-intellectual race.

Of everything Arab, male manners and customs as well as female, the same could be said. All the outward aspects of Arab life, together with the sum of its achievements in progress, knowledge and practical affairs, are evidence of the race's non-intellectual temperament. It all holds together, nor can any portion be altered without altering all the rest. And yet to say that it is all of it non-intellectual is not to say that it is all a blank. The Arab may not be intellectual, but he is very emotional. He may not argue logically, but he feels deeply. He is not rational but imaginative. He is never moved by reason but always by passion and

impulse. Such a temperament it is, such a point of view, which has impressed itself on Arab institutions and ways of life. It may be a wrong view, it has obvious defects, it is certainly widely different from the Western view. Yet anyone who has made acquaintance with it must feel too that it has certain merits, that it is not without consistency, and that at any rate it deserves to be judged as a whole and to be understood before it is condemned.

NOMINAL HISTORY.

"The Storming of London and the Thames Valley Campaign." By Major P. T. Godsall. London: Harrison. 1908.

WE frankly confess that when we received this book we imagined we were in for something in the way of "Battle of Dorking" literature, and that an imaginary conquest of these islands by the dreaded Teuton was before us. Even when we had penetrated some distance into the volume we were not sure that some allegory or moral did not lurk behind the text to warn and guide us as to what a few years might bring. But we have come to the conclusion that it really is only intended as a narrative of what our author soberly considers did occur in the dim past some fourteen hundred years ago. It deals in fact with the conquest of England by the Angles, or English as Major Godsall prefers to call them, and is a quite serious attempt to explain many points which have puzzled historians in connexion with that effort. The author seeks to establish a discovery which he has made that most ingeniously works out the progress of the operations, and deals with them in the same spirit with which any other operations of war on a similar scale would be dealt with by military historians. That we were a little puzzled may be forgiven us when we say that the highly coloured and vivid scenes are described with the glib omniscience of a war correspondent in the midst of either actual fighting or manoeuvres, and that the picturesque details are very frequently absolutely imaginary in both cases. Presumably the Angles did capture London, and very probably they sacked it too, but no war correspondent was in the neighbourhood to furnish the requisite "copy" for the evening papers; and when therefore we read that the army of Hengist "bivouacked on the left bank of the Cray", that many of his soldiers were instructed in the art of "negotiating an attack on a walled town", and that the English fleet floated up to London with the tide, but that "it did not constitute the main attack", we rubbed our eyes, even in spite of the author's remark that although London might have been captured in a variety of ways, the best plan "was to give one definite account that fits in with the probabilities of the case". When however we have accepted this system of writing history, we get along quite easily with the narrative, and are duly thrilled when "the storming party, led by the youthful Ælla in person, attacked the Britons on the bridge", when the "temporary barricades" were of no avail and the Britons set fire to the structure. Subsequently we delighted duly in the inevitable but "determined band of Roman soldiers" who "grimly held one gate" as "darkness closed over the smoking city", even though "before dawn broke they sullenly withdrew". All this kind of thing was very well when Bulwer Lytton was in vogue, but it is out of place in a work that aims not only at being serious history but at superseding the work of very eminent authorities by a brand-new theory, or discovery, whichever it may prove eventually to be. This defect in style is not relieved by a very prolix narrative full of repetitions and high-sounding phrases. We are asked to believe that the Britons would not yield "the fairest inheritance on earth without a struggle worthy of that stubborn race", and we are quite ready to admit that they would fight well for their homes, even though we doubt whether such superlatives could be correctly applied to Britain at the period in question. We may fairly doubt, too, whether the taking of London by the Angles is "the greatest military event in the history of the world" (p. 64), even though on the same page it

is again called "the greatest war stroke of history", and ten pages further on "the chief and crowning event of the greatest conquest the world has ever seen". Nor do we admire a style which is prone to fall back on phrases from the Salvation Army such as "more than conqueror" or "Hallelujah victory" for its purple passages. Amid much that is tawdry and turgid there exists, however, considerable skill and ingenuity in the presentation of his case by the author. The point he aims at is to prove that the conquest of Britain by the Angles was not carried out by a series of independent raids, but that what up to now have been regarded as haphazard and disconnected expeditions were in reality parts of a great strategic scheme elaborated and carried through with marked ability and patience by a fifth-century Moltke. He relies largely on "place-names" to support his theory. "Tuns", or "tons", "burhs", "steads", "stokes", "hams", and "wicks" are all called forth to give evidence, and the testimony they afford is very skilfully applied to establish the theory. Why East Berkshire has no "tons", and why the valley of the Loddon and that of the Kennet for eight miles from Reading is in the same predicament, is very clearly explained according to the hypotheses of the author. In North London, we are told, only "tuns" and "burhs" are found, and in South London almost nothing but "hams". The distribution of place-names undoubtedly is a subject for much interesting speculation and research, although we need not go all the way with Major Godsall in asserting that "any theory of the conquest that does not explain the distribution of place-names must be a worthless one". We cannot follow all the ramifications of the arguments brought forward, but "steads" will be found as interesting as "tuns" or "hams" or "wicks". They are, we are told, always to be found on high ground. "Hampstead is a typical 'stead', and there is a remarkable line of 'steads' on the Surrey hills." Berkhamstead is an exception, but its position to-day is explained away. "Stokes" are most instructive, it seems, of all, and help us most in tracing the actual course of the Conquest. Thus in Bishopstoke we see "the invaders converging upon Winchester, and in Basingstoke we see Cerdic preparing to take Silchester". In this way the argument which is intended to pulverise the "*fortuitous concourse of patriarchally-conducted family parties*" (the italics are the author's) account of the conquest is built up.

But surely the distribution of place-names, even when the most is made of its significance, does not preclude the possibility of the Conquest being a less scientifically elaborated strategic operation than Major Godsall will admit? And would it not be well when girding at Professor Oman to adopt a style less wanting in self-restraint?

NOVELS.

"Black Magic." By Marjorie Bowen. London: Rivers. 1909. 6s.

We believe there used to be people who condemned the novel on the ground that it wasn't true. This book would have much perturbed those simple puritans. It assumes as the merest common knowledge that if you roast an image of your enemy before a fire made of the right ingredients and set about with symbols of apt devilry his flesh will simultaneously shrivel up with a strange sickness. It postulates that the Powers of Darkness give riches and dominion to those who dare do traffic with them; that this road also leads to Rome—nay, even to the very throne of Saint Peter—though the heavens thunder at the blasphemy and Satan have you, body and soul, in the end. By starting thus from a mediæval standpoint without commentary Miss Bowen has added strength to a strong and vivid story. There is subtlety, too, in the touches by which the reader is made aware that Master Dirk Renswoude, who after many adventures becomes, in virtue of his alliance with the Evil One, cardinal and pope, is none other than Ursula the nun; and there is deft suggestion in the way

Dirk's career as Antichrist is hampered by one human weakness—love of the unstable and unsuspecting youth Thierry, who, like so many other folk, never quite makes up his mind whether he wants to serve God or the devil. A conspicuous and to us a pleasing feature of Miss Bowen's work is her constant insistence on the colours of things. She revels in the hues of twilight, of flowers, rich vestments, metals, precious marbles; and whether she is describing the ritual of the witch's kitchen or of the Church it is always colour, lurid or splendid, that she gives us. Sometimes she uses it symbolically: a lover thinks of his divinity as "an ivory pyx filled with red flowers". It is a happy gift; and the imaginative reader of "Black Magic" will not feel any need of "illustrations" to the text.

"Uncle Gregory." By George Sandeman. London: Heinemann. 1909. 6s.

Mr. Gregory Rowley was a philanthropist, and what is called a publicist, with enormous capacity for benevolent commonplace. It is malicious of Mr. Sandeman to make him also a banker of scientific tastes, with the study of bees as a special hobby. Mr. Rowley had left a colossal fortune in trust for scientific and educational purposes, with the proviso that an adequate biography of himself was to be written. He left the money to his niece and her husband, a young soldier of sporting tastes. His nephew, a cynical young man in the Diplomatic Service, was called in to help them. This is the simple framework of an admirably delicate piece of satire. The book consists of discussions between the harassed relatives of Uncle Gregory's life and mind, of the way in which the biography should be written, and of the proper execution of the gigantic trust. The story culminates in a startling and amusing climax. So skilful is the irony that for some time the reader shares the honest and conscientious bewilderment of the young people on whom an impossible task has been thrust. But as Mr. Sandeman proceeds it becomes apparent that we have in this book the finest and most deadly criticism of the ideals and conduct of nineteenth-century English Liberalism that has ever found its way into a novel. But no orthodox, old-fashioned Liberal will be able to perceive this: such a man will find the book vaguely irritating and pretend that it is dull.

"Seekers: a Romance of the Balkans." By Frank Savile. London: Arnold. 1909. 6s.

Mr. Savile writes an attractive romance about "Montanera"—a principality which anyone with a map of the Balkan States can identify. The Prince of that country has an English friend, Lord Gilforth, who plays a notable part in the story, and when we meet him he is out on a hunting trip and having a strange adventure, ferociously attacked by a man who has suddenly appeared in tattered and torn Western garb and is making a sketch. We then learn that an Oxford historian has roughly located some ancient buried treasure of fabulous value. Its recovery would put Montanera on a sound footing against the machinations of its powerful neighbours, but those neighbours are also alive to the value of the "find" awaiting somebody. Thus there is something of a race to fix the spot between Montanera and Albania where the treasure is buried, and incidentally we have exciting episodes and pleasant play of wits. It is a brightly written story, suggesting that the author knows the country which he writes of.

"The Degenerate." By Fred Whishaw. London: Everett. 1909. 6s.

Alexis Tamboré is not a degenerate. He is simply a normal, ordinary young man, with neither brains nor moral strength to live up to his heroic ideals. An aristocrat by birth, he has a generous sympathy with the lower orders, but only succeeds in getting himself into trouble, without being of use. Treated more elaborately and subtly, with deeper insight, the character of Alexis might have made an interesting psychological study. But Mr. Whishaw is not an artist; he has merely made a

(Continued on page 536.)

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readable story of Russian happenings, which is commendably free from violent prejudice, but of only superficial interest.

"The Trickster." By G. B. Burgin. London: Paul. 1909. 6s.

Having regard to the quality of modern weapons, it seems a little unnecessary for a lady to tear open her dress before crying "Shoot!" when her jealous husband levels a revolver at her heart. It is, however, a typical instance of the overdone slapdash of Mr. Burgin's manner. His latest story deals with the old theme of a man and his wife and another fellow, without succeeding in making any one of that hoary trio sympathetic. And the device by which the inconvenient husband is in the end got rid of would raise a smile even upon the Surrey side.

"The Modelling of the Clay." By M. Urquhart. London: Nash. 1909. 6s.

A glorification of illicit love. The neo-pagan gentleman whose caravan and sea-bathing the heroine runs away to share is a figure impossible anywhere save in a youthful and rather unhealthy imagination. The story drops occasionally into prose-poetry, designed, no doubt, to redeem it from too much semblance to realism, not to say reality; and its moral appears to be the silly one that the virtuous are only those who have never been tempted. *Vive la joie!*

SHORTER NOTICES.

"The Curious Case of Lady Purbeck." By the Author of "The Life of Sir Kenelm Digby." London: Longmans. 1909. 6s. net.

It is an interesting story, this scandal of the seventeenth century, as the author, an expert in that century's history, calls the sad history of the Lady Purbeck, who was the daughter of the famous Coke and Lady Bessie Hatton and wife of John Villiers, brother of the Duke of Buckingham, the favourite of James I. Coke carried off from his rival, Bacon, the famous beauty, wit, and virago, Bessie Hatton, granddaughter of the great Lord Burghley, who was the widow of the nephew and heir of Lord Chancellor Hatton. Coke schemed to marry her for her money and her family abetted him. She repaid him by flouting and insulting him and refusing to take his name for the rest of their lives, and in this she was aided *con amore* by one who hated Coke as much as she herself did—the "broad-browed Verulam". How the three hated may be seen in letters printed in this volume. But the sordid Coke marred and ruined another life, this time that of his own daughter, the Lady Purbeck of this story. The famous lawyer, who drew up the Petition of Right, and who had at times taken the depositions of prisoners on the rack, tied up this young daughter of his to the bedpost and had her soundly thrashed till she consented to aid her father's scheme for money and power by marrying the hated John Villiers, who became Viscount Purbeck. Her revenge was an adventurous intrigue with Sir Robert Howard, a brother of the first Earl of Berkshire, who had married a niece of her mother. It was an additional subtlety that she disgraced the hated family she had entered by selecting her lover from a family that was its bitterest enemy. A son was born who was baptized as Robert Wright, and, strange to say, Viscount Purbeck subsequently acknowledged him. The Buckinghams declared he was mad, and tried to prove it; but the divorce they wanted was never obtained. But there was a trial, an account of which is given, and of many other strange matters, such as Viscount Purbeck and his lady resuming their married life together after sixteen years. Robert Wright became Viscount Purbeck. Under the Commonwealth "he disclaimed it with contempt", and married a daughter of Sir John Danvers, who was one of the judges who condemned Charles I. For his subsequent strange history we must refer to this fascinating volume itself.

"Brighton: its History, its Follies, and its Fashions." By Lewis Melville. London: Chapman and Hall. 1909. 10s. 6d. net.

Mr. Melville's title is a little redundant. Brighton has not much more history than that of its follies and its fashions. It changed its name from Brighthelmstone to Brighton in the reign of Queen Victoria, though its manor was already known as Brighton in the fourteenth century, and in the eighteenth was so named in letters to George Selwyn. The Prince who built the Pavilion, and whose

follies and fashions form so large a portion of this book, as they do of every book on Brighton, occasionally used its modern name; but it was not popular till the railway put an end to its old follies, and its fashions ceased to be those of the fashionable world only. Brighton also is the oldest of what we still call watering-places, using an old word to describe a new thing. Sea-bathing as a course of hygiene and amusement began at Brighton, and by the middle of the eighteenth century the old inland watering-places, such as Bath and Tunbridge Wells, began to decay. The "Gentleman's Magazine" and the "Morning Herald" began to record Brighton's fashionable intelligence. "The growing prosperity of Brighton was celebrated", Mr. Melville narrates, "by a ball on January 21, 1751, when twenty-two couples assembled at the Old Ship. The High Sheriff of the county, Robert Bull of Chichester, to the tune of 'The Sow in the Sack', the newest and most fashionable contredanse of the day, opened the proceedings with Miss Treadwell of Lewes"—an heiress of £5000, as the "Gentleman's Magazine" recorded. With this Mr. Melville enters on the story of the brilliant, fashionable, extravagant, foolish, vicious, and brutal society which for the next hundred years transferred itself during the season from metropolitan London to London by the Sea, and made it the most amusing and the wickedest town within the four seas. There is nothing very novel in the story, for Brighton epitomises the social life of the higher circles of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries; and their chroniques scandaleuses are sufficiently well known. One less well-known product of Brighton society is the literary satires and squibs which flourished in its unhealthy moral atmosphere. Mr. Melville gives us these and all else relating to Brighton in a narrative which never flags and is never wanting in amusement.

"The Struggle for Imperial Unity." By Colonel George T. Denison. London: Macmillan. 1909. 8s. 6d. net.

No one has worked more strenuously for Imperial unity than Colonel Denison, and this book of his is a record of many years' labour from the Canadian side to secure that end by means of tariffs. Colonel Denison's story is necessarily to a large extent personal, because in the Dominion he has always played a leading part in the Imperial preference agitation. He is well known in England, and Mr. Chamberlain found in him one of his most energetic helpers in the days when, as Colonial Minister, he decided that some rearrangement of the commercial and fiscal relations of the Empire was necessary. Canada has been in the van of the movement from the outset. That preference should first have come from her is the more interesting because when England threw open her ports sixty years ago Canada was the chief sufferer from the disappearance of the slight consideration she had hitherto enjoyed. Yet Canada did not hesitate to give the Mother-country preference directly Lord Salisbury made the way clear by denouncing the Belgian and German treaties. Not the least valuable passage in Colonel Denison's volume is that in which he reminds us that Lord Salisbury was favourable to preferential tariffs when opportunity might serve, but he was cautious, and saw the difficulty of breaking down free-trade prejudices. "There is a movement of opinion in this country, and I only hope it may be rapid enough to meet the necessities of our time," Lord Salisbury wrote those words in March 1891.

"Les Sforza et les Arts en Milanais 1450-1530." By Gustav Clausse. Paris: Leroux. 1909.

This period is that of the effective power of the Sforzas before Milan and its Dukes fell under the control of France or Germany. M. Clausse in this very handsome volume illustrates the art of the brilliant artistic period when Milan rivalled Florence herself—a result which was due to the enlightened protection of the Sforzas, the "stormers of cities", whose power was founded by the peasant Muzeo Attendolo, the father of Francesco Sforza, the first and greatest of the Dukes of Milan of that family who succeeded the Visconti. The greater part of M. Clausse's account consists of the history of the arts and artists of Milan during the long reign of Francesco. Students of Italian art and history will find M. Clausse's book well worth their attention.

"Dictionary of National Biography." Vol. XIV. London: Smith, Elder. 1909. 15s. net.

The big names in the present volume, extending as it does from Myllar to Owen, are perhaps not quite so numerous as usual. The Ms have clearly a larger claim than the Ns; they began in Vol. XII., occupied the whole of Vol. XIII., and overflow into Vol. XIV. The Ns on the other hand are disposed of in half a volume, but they make up in the

(Continued on page 538.)

'BRAIN HUNGER.'

THE SIMPLE SECRET OF THE MYSTERIOUS DISEASE NEURASTHENIA.

The most important contributions to medical literature made in our time are the remarkable facts contained in the lecture recently written by the eminent nerve specialist, Dr. A. Kuhner.

The work is vitally important for two reasons. *Firstly*, it deals with the difficult, mysterious, and increasingly prevalent Neurasthenia (a term which practically comprises *all* nervous disorders)—the most calamitous and intractable of human afflictions.

Secondly, Dr. Kuhner's work deals critically with Antineurasthin, the Nerve Food and Tonic discovered by Dr. Hartmann, which has achieved such uniform and complete success in curing the hitherto incurable malady—Neurasthenia.

For reasons which will presently appear, Antineurasthin is the only effective remedy for Neurasthenia which has yet been discovered. More—it is a completely effective and invariably successful remedy: as certain to benefit the nervous sufferer as a square meal is certain to benefit a starving man.

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Antineurasthin owes its virtue to the fact that it is the only known preparation containing a remarkably high percentage of lecithin in an active and organic state—in a form in which its active principles are undiminished and undestroyed by bacteriological or chemical action, and easily assimilable by the system.

EVERY RECOGNISED AUTHORITY

has to admit that lecithin is the substance by which alone the brain and nervous system can be nourished. It was the impossibility of administering lecithin in an active state that had previously been the stumbling-block to the successful treatment of Neurasthenia. Given lecithin in a live organic and assimilable form, and the cure of any (or all) nervous diseases becomes as much a matter of certainty as (to use our former simile) the appeasing of the pangs of hunger by means of food.

For it is indisputable that "Brain Hunger" (i.e., starvation of the brain) is the sole cause of nervous disease, be the symptom what it may. The sufferers from hysteria, from languor, headache, melancholia, insomnia, nervous dyspepsia, insanity, or any of the troubles coming under the head of Neurasthenia are each and every one suffering from a lack of the material of which the brain and nerve system are nourished and built up—and that material is lecithin—which alone can supply the nerves with their indispensable pabulum—phosphorus in the only form prescribed by Nature. The theory that phosphorus in artificial (chemical) combinations, such as glyceophosphates, phosphates, phosphites, hypo-phosphites, &c., can be utilised for benefiting the brain and nervous system, is a FALLACY! The human system can never utilise artificial or ready-made elements. Just as in the case of ordinary food for muscular building-up, it demands for the building-up of the nervous system the necessary and indispensable raw material, viz. lecithin, out of which it manufactures its own phosphorus. All artificial combinations of phosphorus are nothing more than stimulants!



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The uselessness of drugs or medicine to cure Neurasthenia, and the impossibility of otherwise curing it PRIOR TO THE DISCOVERY OF ANTINEURASTHIN, is strikingly expressed in the words of one who may be truthfully called one of the cleverest and most famous of English doctors—a physician whose name is known all over the world.

Here is what he said to the students of St. Mary's Hospital:—"I defy Sir Almroth Wright or anyone else to discover a vaccine for what I consider one of the most serious disorders of the present day—Neurasthenia, or nervous breakdown."

"By that I do not mean the born-tired feeling of the unemployable, or the blasé, invertebrate condition of the born-rich without occupation; but the loss of nerve-control and mental energy which comes to the neurotic when the nervous system is strained to breaking-point, and the hapless sufferer drifts like a ship without a helmsman—storm-tossed on the sea of his emotions."

If these words mean anything at all, they mean that a man at the very top of the professional tree knew and confessed that there was no drug or medicine known which would cure Neurasthenia.

It is still true to-day that, apart from Antineurasthin, medical science knows NOTHING which will cure Neurasthenia.

A sufferer was told by two nerve specialists in London that "he could take barrels of their medicine without the least chance of a cure."

The position has been this—that, knowing the impossibility of cure by drugs, the medical profession has simply used these to alleviate pain or to stimulate action. It was the only thing possible under the circumstances.

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The whole case for Antineurasthin is readily proved by FACTS in the form of cures achieved, and we are able and willing to furnish unlimited proof of this kind in the shape of unsolicited and genuine testimonials of the marvellous effects of Antineurasthin on neurasthenic conditions of every kind.

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quality of one name what they may appear to lack in numbers. There are, of course, Napier, Nasmyth, Newman, Nicholson, North, Sir Stafford Northcote (Lord Iddesleigh) and others, but the outstanding feature is Nelson, to whom Sir John Laughton devotes eighteen pages. Among the Os we have Daniel O'Connell, Titus Oates, Sir James Outram, Sir John Oldcastle, and some sixty Owens, covering sixty pages. References such as those to Lord Morley's "Life of Gladstone" and Mr. Churchill's "Life of Lord Randolph" at the end of Mr. Lloyd Sanders' article on Lord Iddesleigh show that this reissue of the D.N.B. is something more than a mere reprint; the authorities have been brought up to date.

"A Guide to the Natural History of the Isle of Wight." Edited by Frank Morey. Newport: The County Press. 1909. 8s. 6d.

In these times, when such a vast quantity of worthless rubbish is published in book form, it is pleasant to come upon a work such as this, honest as modest. It has articles by experts—chiefly local experts—on many branches of natural history in the island, including chapters on the butterflies and moths, the birds, the plants, neuroptera, coleoptera, reptiles and mammals; and it is possible to say of this work without exaggeration that it will be almost indispensable to naturalists in the Isle of Wight. We are sorry to read that cinxia, the Glanville fritillary, has wholly disappeared from its Sandown haunts and is now confined to a few places at the Undercliff. Any collector, amateur or professional, who takes a specimen of this extremely scarce butterfly should be punished in some way or other. Unfortunately it is not possible to send him to prison—where he might well be sent for a few months—but if his name could be held up to reproach in the press it would be some deterrent. At any rate, to his would-be fellow-sinners. Cannot the authorities in the Isle of Wight take some steps to save this beautiful and fast-disappearing butterfly? And cannot they save the peregrine falcon that nests at Freshwater and still, it seems, at Culver, from being robbed by the hateful egg thieves year after year? The birds appear rarely or never to bring off their young. The number of peregrines and ravens has greatly dwindled of late years through the stupid greed of the collector: unless really strong measures are taken, they will soon be obsolete as birds nesting in the Isle of Wight cliffs. Is there nobody in the island who has spirit enough to move in the matter?

Other books on kindred subjects are a pleasant little work by Charles Thonger, "The Book of the Cottage Garden" (Lane. 2s. 6d.), and "The Balance of Nature", by George Abbey (Routledge. 7s. 6d. net), a practical and useful account of animal foes and friends.

For this Week's Books see page 540.



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On Wednesday, the 12th May, 1909, £31 10s. per cent.;
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LONDON & BRAZILIAN BANK.

The Thirty-eighth Annual Ordinary General Meeting of the London and Brazilian Bank, Limited, was held on Tuesday at the offices, 7 Tokenhouse Yard, Mr. John Beaton presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. A. W. Saunders) having read the usual notice, the Chairman said that during the year ended 30 January last the business of the bank maintained its ordinary and, he thought he might add, satisfactory course. The balance sheet showed a substantial increase compared with its predecessor in the deposits, and also in the discounts and loans, though the net profit was somewhat less. The great reduction in the rates of interest during the period under review, averaging only £2 2s. 2d. per cent., against 4 1/2 per cent. in the year 1907-8, lessened the gain upon their large cash reserve. Charges and taxes were more; and he was unable to report immunity from bad debts, as it was his privilege to do for the previous three years. He was sure, therefore, that the shareholders would consider the profit of £239,000 a satisfactory outturn of the year's business. The arrangement of the loan issued last December, to take over the State's holding of seven million bags of coffee, and to determine the unfortunate valorisation scheme, caused a recovery in the price of coffee, which it was to be hoped would be maintained. The loan was for £15,000,000, and it was to be redeemed in ten years, but he believed there was no bar to an earlier redemption, and he was sure that if that could be arranged by the committee of realisation it would be in the best interests of the State. They had opened a branch in Paris, in view of the bank's increasing business relations with France and the wishes expressed for some time past by many of their Brazilian friends resident in that capital. He expressed the directors' sincere appreciation of the loyalty shown by Messrs. Mallet Frères and Co. to the bank and the friendly relations which always existed between them during the long period, nearly thirty-five years, they acted as the bank's agents in Paris. At a previous meeting he informed the shareholders that the Banco do Brasil, which was charged with the maintenance of the exchange at 15d., had been accorded a certain privilege or preference by the Brazilian Government over other banks; and on 1 January last it was relieved of its obligation to stamp its drafts—a saving to it of certainly £12,000 a year, possibly more, besides giving it a further decided advantage in the exchange business over all banks, native or foreign. It appeared that this exceptional privilege had called forth various comments at Rio, and eminent Brazilian lawyers contended that, although authorised by the Congress and Senate, it was nevertheless unconstitutional. The commercial community understood it to indicate that the Banco do Brasil found maintaining this exchange very burdensome. That might or might not be the case. As the shareholders knew, he was a strong advocate of a steady exchange in Brazil. It was, however, impossible to ignore the strain to which it might be subjected by a continuance of the recent lavish borrowings in Europe on account of Brazil, although for purposes quite legitimate and desirable. His Excellency Dr. Campista, the present distinguished Federal Minister of Finance, fully recognised this fact in his very able and instructive report issued last May. Since then, however, the borrowings in Europe on Brazilian account for the Federal Government, for the States Governments, and for various municipalities had been very large—about £28,000,000. As regarded the other countries in which their bank was established, there was nothing to call for remark save the continued progress made in the Argentine Republic. Turning to the accounts, he said that the available balance was £339,552, of which £50,000 had been dis-

tributed as an interim dividend. The directors now proposed to make a like distribution, together with a bonus of 10s. per share, making a distribution for the year of 15 per cent. (free of income tax) on the paid-up capital of the bank. These payments would absorb £150,000, and leave a balance of £189,552, which they proposed should be applied as follows: £29,000 in reduction of premises account, £10,000 to be transferred to the staff pension and benevolent fund, making it £70,000, and £150,000 to be carried forward. He moved the adoption of the report and the payment of the dividend and bonus mentioned.

Mr. C. D. Rose, M.P., seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously.

KIMBERLEY WATERWORKS.

The Twenty-ninth Annual General Meeting of the Kimberley Waterworks Company, Limited, was held on Wednesday at the Cannon Street Hotel, E.C., Mr. James Jackson (the Chairman) presiding.

The Secretary (Mr. William Vincent) read the notice convening the meeting and the report of the auditors. The Chairman said that the past year had had more than its share of cares and anxieties, and he thought they might consider themselves lucky that they had emerged from it as unscathed as they had. The falling-off in revenue had been affected by much more potent and serious causes than led to the decrease in the previous year, which could be attributed directly to natural causes, the rainfall of 1907 having been largely in excess of that of 1906, whereas the diminution of receipts last year could be distinctly attributed to the unprecedented depression in the diamond trade, which had not yet run its full course. Ever since the mines in and around Kimberley were amalgamated by the genius of Mr. Rhodes the policy had been to regulate the output, as far as possible, according to demand, and so successful had this policy been that the price of diamonds had steadily appreciated. In the past the United States had been the best customer for the higher quality of stones, and when the financial crisis paralysed the diamond market De Beers were confronted with, to them, a new experience of being unable to find a market for their produce. No alternative remained but to restrict the output. It was not in the supply to the towns that the largest decrease had taken place, but in water supplied to the mines. Though the rainfall in 1908 was little more than half that of the previous year, the restricted work of the mines left large reserves of water at the disposal of the De Beers, especially the Dutoitspan Mine. This water, chemically impure, was not available in the past for boiler and compound purposes; but of late, after a series of experiments, a purifier plant of American design, capable of treating some 15,000 gallons of water in the hour, had been established at the different mines in and around Kimberley were supplied from this source, to the exclusion of water from the mains of this company. Taking the position of the company as it stood to-day, when they considered the acute crisis that had afflicted both the diamond mines and Kimberley, and the serious state of affairs that had run throughout the whole course of the year, when they bore in mind the contrast of the handsome dividends paid by De Beers in the past and the absence of any dividend at all on the ordinary shares now, he thought they might be well satisfied that they had more than earned sufficient to pay their customary dividend without having recourse to the contingency fund, which the prudence and forbearance of the shareholders in the past had provided as a safeguard against the stress of bad times. Last year he went so far as to prophesy that things might be worse before they could be better. That prediction had not been justified in any way, and it might possibly receive even further verification. The commercial recovery in America, unparalleled as it was considering the intensity of the crisis through which the country passed, was by no means complete, and until the return to prosperity was fully established the diamond market must remain restricted. As to the permanency of the diamond industry, personally he had no misgivings, but the re-establishment of the industry on the old basis was clearly not yet. Fortunately they were able to possess their souls in patience, and wait with the equanimity bred of a strong financial position and ample cash resources. He moved the adoption of the report and accounts.

Mr. W. Mendel seconded the motion, which was carried unanimously. Votes of thanks to the Chairman, directors, and staff concluded the proceedings.

CALCUTTA TRAMWAYS.

The Ordinary General Meeting of the Calcutta Tramways Company, Limited, was held on Tuesday at 1 Queen Victoria Street, E.C., Mr. E. C. Morgan (the Chairman) presiding.

The Chairman said when they met a year ago it was anticipated that the lines in Howrah would be opened for traffic on May 1. This, however, unfortunately, proved not to be the case; the third line was not open till October 20. In the revenue account there was a small saving in the power expenses, and this would have been considerably greater had it not been for difficulties with coal—difficulties shared by all consumers in Calcutta—and also, in a measure, to the higher price for supplies. In the first half of the year it was almost impossible to obtain deliveries of any decent quality of coal. Fortunately, during the latter half of the year conditions of transport became easier. Considerable reductions have been made in the items of operation stores used and maintenance and repairs materials, even after allowing for the extraordinary items of expenditure debited to the latter account last year. As regards maintenance and repairs, the principal items of increase are under the heads of track and roadway and cars. The former is due to the overhaul of certain of our tracks and to the increased mileage generally which had to be maintained, the upkeep costs on the Behala section being exceptionally heavy during the rainy season, by reason of the settlement in the macadamised portion of the roadway, the tracks having been laid during the dry season. As regards the latter, considerable expense was incurred last year in improving the condition of the cars, which had to be repeated for the year under review. All the cars were now built under their own supervision in Calcutta; but in the first instance, in order to cope with the rapidly increasing traffic, a number of cars were sent out from here, which have been running for some time satisfactorily. The floors of these cars have now, however, become warped; so that it has been found necessary to effect considerable repairs, seventy motor and ten trailer cars having been dealt with, and there still remains a balance of ninety cars to be seen to during the current year. It is, perhaps, too early to prophesy regarding Howrah; but there are certain facts which must not be lost sight of. The population, and consequently the need for connection with Calcutta, is increasing. Receipts so far this year were good, and promise to be better, as the general state of affairs in India has decidedly improved, and they are now in a position to meet further expansion with comfort and economy. He moved, "That the directors' report and statement of accounts to December 31, 1908, as submitted to this meeting, be received and adopted."

Sir Henry Kimber, M.P., in seconding the motion, said that as the railway in India over which he presided was an exception to the general depression which had pervaded all commercial matters there, it was, perhaps, appropriate that he should say that, although the directors of the Calcutta Tramways were facing the shareholders with a lower dividend, as a result of a very indifferent year, in which there had been a combination of circumstances against them, he firmly believed that such a combination of adverse circumstances could not very well recur in any single year.

Certain questions having been answered, the resolution was put to the meeting and carried unanimously.

The Chairman next moved: "That a dividend on the ordinary shares at the rate of 2s. per share for the half-year ended December 31, 1908 (making, with the 2s. per share interim dividend already paid, a total dividend for the year 1908 of 4 per cent.), be, and is hereby, declared, such dividend to be paid on April 21, free of income-tax."

Mr. John G. B. Stone seconded the motion, which was unanimously agreed to.

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